

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 42.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

[PRICE 2d., Stamped 5d.]

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—WARWICK MEETING.

ENTRIES for Implements, Cheese, Wool, Farm-Gates, and Draining Pipes, must be made on or before the FIRST OF MAY.
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All Entries received in each case after those respective dates will, without any exception, be disqualified, and returned to the owners.
PRIZE SHEETS may be had on application at the Offices of the Society, 15, Hanover Square, London.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—

THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING of the Society, for the election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing year, and for other business, will be held on WEDNESDAY, MAY 27th, at the Society's House, 4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.
The chair will be taken at 4 o'clock precisely.
W. S. W. VAUX, Hon. Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES, 12, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

April 11, 1859.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Council of this Institute has determined on applying the interest accruing from Mr. Messers' bequest, towards the purchase of a PRIZE, to be competed for by the Associates, and to be given for the best ESSAY "On the various Methods pursued in the Distribution of Surplus among the Assured in a Life Assurance Company, with a Comparison of the Relative Merits of such Methods." Further particulars, and the conditions under which the Prize is to be competed for, may be obtained on application at the Rooms of the Institute.

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LECTURE ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 19th, by ROBERT KEEL, Esq., "Michel Angelo and his Times." The chair will be taken by William Tite, Esq., M.P., at 8 o'clock.

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BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.—

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN from 9 a.m. until dusk. Admittance 1s. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Subscribers and the Public that she will give THREE PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC, as follows, viz., TWO SOIREES, FRIDAY, MAY 27, FRIDAY, JUNE 3, and, by particular request, a MATINEE on SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

Further particulars will be duly announced.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or 11s. 1s. for the three concerts. Unreserved Seats (Area or Balcony), 5s. Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Miss GODDARD, 47, Welbeck Street, or of the principal Musicians; at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; at Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Chancery; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

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MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH, TUESDAY, APRIL 19th, instead of Wednesday, 20th, at 8, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAR. Principal vocalists—Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Miss M. Broadshaw, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Santley, Mr. Hy. Burnby. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d.; sofa stalls, 3s.

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MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE, on WEDNESDAY in PASSION WEEK, APRIL 20, "The Christmas Carol" and "The Trial from Pickwick."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

REVIEWS.

The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe. By William Chadwick. (J. Russell Smith.)

It is to be regretted that people persist in giving fancy titles to their works. If they were more explicit they would disarm criticism on the score of accuracy, and prevent the disappointment which always accompanies discrepancies between an indicator and the things indicated. Had Mr. Chadwick called his book, a Dissertation on the Writings of De Foe, or a Gossip on the Political History of De Foe's times, no one would have quarrelled with him. He would have prepared the reader for his gallop rough-shod over stony places, and the joltings and break-neck leaps would have come in as a needful part of the play. But a "Life" presupposes a biography, and a biography wants facts, anecdotes, memorials, colour, personation, to be either faithful or readable. A "Life" should set the man before the reader as he lived and walked in this work-a-day world—should fashion out his form and features, his spirit, his soul, his manners, and give glimpses of him in his home, with the holiday coat hung up against the door, and nothing but the plain natural homespun basking by the fireside. A biography which deals with an author as "all author;" which never lets the poet drop from his altitudes and descend to the clayey earth and pease-pudding; which insists on viewing an artist as eternally painting Madonnas and saints from beatific visions, and never growling at his servants because his boots are muddy, or talking snappishly to his wife because the butcher's bills outrun their average; a politician who never forgets the State, or stops in his historical career to play with his children in the sunny drawing-room looking to the lawn; in a word, a biography which deals only with the Mind and leaves out the Man, is imperfect and fragmentary; and such is Mr. Chadwick's extraordinary composition. Yet stupid and rough as it is, there is abundance of material in it for all kinds of essays; abundance of material flung into a heap with a pitchfork, and without the smallest pretence at more arrangement than can be got from a rude order of chronology. It is a book without logic or sequence, without order or compactness, and written in utter ignorance of the first laws of bookmaking—selection and arrangement. It has another capital fault. It enters angrily into all the angry spirit of De Foe's time, and piles up the burning coals of his political and religious wrath high on the head of the present. Wherefore the present gets an accumulation of such wrath; the squares of the distances being multiplied by themselves at an alarming rate. In this way Mr. Chadwick damages his own cause, and repels sympathy in place of destroying antagonism. He wields a two-bladed weapon, and cuts his own fingers more than once. When he says that "De Foe, Swift, Ebenezer Elliot, and others, always gauged their usefulness in any political work by the density of the rage of the party opposed to that work," what great good must not all "the highflyers of the Church of England in the venom of their malignity," "Tory villains," "the profligate press of a debased and bribed talent," and all the rest of Mr. Chadwick's enemies have

done, if his rage is to be taken as a measure of their usefulness! Fortunately most thinking men are agreed on the broad principle which he lays down; if they were not, by his own showing he would be on the losing and unworthy side. Mr. Chadwick has a large amount of information, and much strong and earnest feeling, and he makes the common mistake of believing that these two combined must necessarily produce wisdom. The mistake lies in taking combination for harmony, for the two are widely different; and it is only when feelings and knowledge, or the heart and the head, are in perfect harmony and accord that political wisdom is the result.

The most amusing thing in the book is the reason why it came to be written. Mr. Chadwick being bored one wet day at Skip-ton by a bagman's account, two hours long, of "how once, near Leicester, Splasher ran away with him in a gig," went out to an old shop in the neighbourhood, where he picked up a three-volumed work of travels through England:

"This work I read, and was struck with the ready talent of the writer, as well as his unscrupulousness; for he appeared never at a loss in completing his task—his book. I read with admiration at the power of pen displayed in it, till admiration at pen ripened into wonder at other powers. I read till I came to page 102: 'This town' (Doncaster), Mr. Camden says, 'was burnt entirely to the ground, anno 759,' and was hardly recovered in his time. 'But,' adds this mysterious author, 'it now looks more decayed by time than accident, and the houses, which seem ready to fall, might rise again to more advantage after another conflagration.' The brief sentence just quoted, stimulated to inquiry as to the author—his pursuits, his character, his life, his times, his death; and soon placed me in possession of seventy or more works written by the same ready pen; this was followed by deeper investigation into the erratic waywardness of this ingenious writer, and led me to take up pen myself, in order, if possible, to throw some additional ray of light on the character of one of Britain's greatest of geniuses—DANIEL DE FOE, the writer of *Robinson Crusoe*, and (may I add also?) of the *Complete Tradesman*—a work which I consider second to none in the English language, and the work which formed the groundwork of the character of the great Benjamin Franklin, for that work is Franklin all over. Such is my apology for writing; such is my Preface."

But the reason is an Irishism; for Defoe did not write the book in question, so that the very foundation is a non sequitur, quite in accordance with the scrambling illogicality of the whole. His text, too, is as laboured as the rest. What has "cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," to do with the fact of an old butcher in Cripplegate sending his son to the Stoke Newington Academy? It is a strange and forced application of a text, too rich in human harmonies to need such a wrench. But Mr. Chadwick finds it consolatory and illustrative. Old James Foe, then, "cast his bread upon the waters," when he educated his son at Dr. Morton's Academy in Newington Green—to make him what? "Hosier, merchant, pantile maker, statesman, poet, philosopher, free-trader, novelist; in short, everything, from the desolate island of Juan Fernandez to a felon's cell in Newgate." These were some of those things which were not of old James Foe's "bread." The hosier, merchant, and pantile maker might belong to him and Dr. Morton; but Daniel owned a better school-master than the one and a richer father than the other: it was Nature's "bread"

which returned to the hand of humanity in his influence and power, his genius and his struggles. Persecution, too, had something to do with it; and Mr. Chadwick is right, when he says, with a grim kind of humour, that "the pillory and the gaol shut up the hosier's shop and gave us 'Robinson Crusoe.' Yes! the grinder's wheel was stopped in Bedford streets and lanes; and years of imprisonment in the Borough gaol gave us the 'Pilgrim's Progress' instead. Blindness, neglect, and persecution, gave us the 'Paradise Lost.' A twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower gave Sir Walter Raleigh leisure to write a history of the world; and imprisonment, pillory, and ear-shearing, set Prynne to write as many volumes as would fill an ordinary cart. Yes, and I verily believe that a good ducking in the Thames or Serpentine would force John Bright, the patriot of Rochdale, upon my reform bill, in the place of his own." Is this fun or earnest? If the first, it belies his own assumption of stupidity; though to be sure, for the matter of that, he has written about as dull a work as need be—and so redeemed his pledge when he says: "I know I shall write only a dull book, but so it must be—so let it be; a dull book for want of materials: yes, dull enough, for I will not write what is false;" but at least it would show a capacity for something better, and the wilful choice of stupidity, which would be something gained to the author, if nothing to the publisher.

Proteus as De Foe was, even his very name is a matter of uncertainty. His father, a stiff, dissenting old butcher in Cripplegate, was called Foe, but when Daniel came to be a man, he called himself De Foe, "under the impression that a De, somehow or other, legitimately belonged to the Foes, or, as I would read the word, Vaux of the Vauxes or Fauxes of Northamptonshire." Further on, the biographer claims a kinship for his hero with the Devereux family, "without we suppose that the simple Foe was a Flemish, or Dutch, or French Protestant importation, along with the straw-plat of Dunstable, or the bobbin-lace of Northampton or Bedford." Well, Foe or Devereux, our Daniel was born in London in the year 1661, and all that Mr. Chadwick knows of him is, that he was sent at fourteen to Dr. Norton's academy, and kept there until he was nineteen; that he wrote his first work in support of Austria against the Hungarians; and that, in the same year, 1682, he published an "Answer to Roger L'Estrange's 'Guide to the Inferior Clergy,' entitled 'Speculum Crape-Gownorum; or, a Looking-Glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd; with Reflections on some of the late High-fal'd Sermons. To which is added, An Essay towards a Sermon of the Newest Fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergy. *Ridentem discere verum, Quis velat?* London: Printed for E. Rydal, 1682.'" This is one of the scarcest of De Foe's pamphlets; and, as Mr. Chadwick cannot quote it, he uses only Dr. Eachard instead. These facts told, we now lose all sight of the man, henceforth De Foe is only a name, a book-maker, a writer of political essays and party pamphlets, a newspaper leader, a myriad-named editor, a concentrated "artiste;" but the living, breathing, suffering, toiling, loving man has disappeared, and only a pen-and-ink phantasm flits across the stage in his stead. The "Life" was comprised in the two facts given above. There is thus no biography to review, no life to condense. All that we

gather from Hazlitt and Wilson, and the rest of De Foe's admirers and chroniclers is ignored by Mr. Chadwick, who omits all the anecdotes which other biographers have accepted, "for want of evidence of their truth," though "those writers might have had evidence, and on that evidence they may write." But Mr. Chadwick, with stoical honesty, admirable if disappointing, will have none of them, and prefers his "dull book" instead. The work is now simply a collection of extracts, strung together by a running commentary full of wrathful anachronisms; but sometimes infinitely humorous from their violence. Take this hit against L'Estrange, who, however well he deserves a hard-handed blow from honest men, might have had one something less vituperatively accompanied. Dr. Eachard's "Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion inquired into," is the work from which the extracts alluded to in our quotation have been made:

"The work from which these extracts are made was written anonymously, and with much secrecy; and the author had allotted to him as many professions and employments as there are companies in the city of London, and as the Grand Seigneur had his titles of honour; to say nothing of 'rogue, rascal, dog, and thief' (which may be taken by way of endearment, as well as out of prejudice or offence); malicious rogue, ill-natured rascal, lazy dog, and spiteful thief.' Setting aside all these, they travelled him quite through the map; for he was 'barbarian, Indian, Turk, and Jew; and, besides all this, business went on at home all the while; for there he was rebel, traitor, Scot, Sadducee, and Socinian.' This I take from the preface of the second part, in answer to Sir Roger L'Estrange, the hired writer, and perhaps slang actor of that day. No doubt but Sir Roger would dine with great people on this event, and perhaps receive his instructions over turtle and venison, and be instructed in the path of malice and untruth, how he was to make his attack, and how he was paid for making it. The bar!—was he at the bar?—only at the bar, and then! why, Jeffreys earned the bread of iniquity, and eat it; and on the flight from Rochester of his lord and master, James, he was found by accident, and arrested by a London street mob, dressed as a tramp sailor! He was committed to Newgate or the Tower, by the Lord Mayor of London, where he ended his career in ten days or a fortnight by drinking brandy. Lord Chancellor Jeffreys was a slang actor, brought upon the stage by royalty to stifle truth. But suppose the stiff-necked advocate of the sacred exclusiveness of six-headed aristocracy could not very well see, elevated to the judicial bench, as the slanderous judge, his venison-chewing, soup-drinking companion—what then? Historiographer royal, with a something promised from some other purse than his own—will that do?—or poet-laureate on the first vacancy, with a pension fully written and acknowledged; and no trick at stealing a march upon a confiding public, by a secret service payment for work done? Well! pay or no pay, write, slander, cut down truth; and, if nothing better can be found, perhaps my lord Hesitation of Scrupulous Manor may find a stool and desk at the Admiralty, with 100*l.* per annum; and, if that can't be done, there is the situation of *Hal* at Windsor Castle, where the young scions of royalty may be shown how truth and justice may be slandered down by dishonesty.

"So much for hired writers and slang actors: they do their work, and receive their reward. Roger L'Estrange, the great hired scribe of the High-Church party of James II.'s reign, was caught, in the times of the Civil War, at Lynne, in Norfolk, acting as a spy of the Cavaliers, for which he was tried and sentenced to be hanged in Smithfield by the neck till he should be dead. He was not hanged, but kept a prisoner in Newgate for several years, where he learnt the

manners and language of a jail, as appears so plentifully in his *Observations*, Rye House Plot, and other detestable libels against the Protestant religion and liberty; which Newgate finish, or rubbing-up in education, made him so great an ornament to the cause he espoused—that of the Cavaliers, or Highflyers of the Church of England."

Next come long rambling dissertations on the Protestant Alliance, William and Mary, Anne, Cardinal Mazarin, the Privy Council scheme of education, Queen Victoria and Constitutionalism, Cherbourg, the vitality of Protestantism, Church and State, and the like; and then we scramble over hedges and ditches, and all sorts of rough places, we leap chasms and erect barriers, and do no end of hard work in the mosaic-pattern way, till we come to 1699, and De Foe's pantile works. And as this is a fair specimen of our author's inconsequential egotism of style, we will give the paragraph as it stands:

"On the suppression of the glass duty in 1699, or a little afterwards, De Foe became secretary to a tileyard concern—a pantile business, at Tilbury, in Essex; and this office he filled for several years. His political detractors used to compare his potworks at Tilbury to the potworks in Egypt; but said that Daniel was not so much deficient in straw as wages. The Dutch were his competitors, and they beat him out of the market; for his pantiles were not liked by the public. The whole concern was a failure, and poor De Foe lost 3000*l.* by the breaking up of the concern. The Dutch had supplied the London market for generations, and knew the pattern, for there is such a thing as a pattern in pantiles. The Dutch could stiffen or weaken their clay at pleasure, by the introduction of sand or marl; but De Foe's company would probably take the Thames silt at Tilbury, and look to nothing but saving coals in the burning, by mixing the clay with coal-ashes or small cinders, which would make the tiles very porous, and so not fitted for turning the wet. I have been a tile-maker myself, and about as successful as De Foe, but the Dutch did not ruin my trade. I have surrounding my tilerly ten thousand acres of rich land, wanting draining, and I sell in one year as many tiles as will drain seventy or eighty acres. I make three hundred thousand draining tiles, and I may be three years in selling them. I have been in trade fifteen years, and I have made one return; and what is it?—A fixed impression that Parliament should appoint a commission for inquiring into the state of landed property in England.

"The present laws affecting landed property in England are as great a nuisance to the British public, as the placing a couple or more of barges in the middle of Regent Street, London, would be to the carriages and pedestrians using that street. There is a locking-up of the resources of the powers of the soil in England by bankrupt pride."

Again we catch a faint glimpse of the man Daniel, as he glides to the door of the House of Commons, dressed as a woman, to deliver, "Legion's New Paper; being a Second Memorial to the Gentlemen of a late House of Commons, with Legion's humble address to his Majesty," to the "Speaker of the Commons, when near the door of the House." But that human embodied shape does not linger long; and soon we are left with only pamphlets and essays, as all that the biographer can give us of the life of which he would attempt to write. And then follow more floods of bitterness; more anachronisms and discursiveness; dissertations on William the Conqueror and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, all in a breath; and a clumsy hark-back to fames—"slobbering fames"—with a world of coarseness packed up in two lines. Mr. Chadwick is quite right, though, in his thesis, which is a raid against the

Divine Right of things; but he might have been just as forcible, and quite as true, if he had been better mannered, and had eschewed vulgarity. Then on we tear through jury-boxes, triennial parliaments, the ballot, national education, the Indian sepoys, the assertion that "Englishmen never did and never will knuckle to kings and parsons," till we find ourselves, well shaken up and out of breath, clinging to the skirts of the Man in the Moon, and listening to a few of the scathing, witty, searching sarcasms, which he flings about him like hailstones, sharp and stinging. A parallel between Swift and De Foe will bear extraction:

"As a man, Swift was a brute of a churl, without honour, gratitude, or feeling; and, as a writer, he was a quippy, slack-wire performer, conjuror, or Mister Merryman, capering and throwing somersets upon the boards of literature. Yes! Swift could dance the slack-wire, or throw a somerset upon the tight-rope of letters, as a grimy, ruddled, pipeclayed buffoon, or Mister Merryman: he was a very conjuror in rhetoric; a man of quips and quirks in language; but, as a writer of the English language, he was far inferior to Daniel De Foe. De Foe wrote to inform and improve his race or generation; Swift did not—no! he wrote to deceive, and received his reward—a deanery in the Church of Ireland. De Foe received no deaneries; he wrote not for a bishopric, but a gaol—he wrote, and received his reward, such as it was. He stood in the pillory, and one—(immortality rest upon his name)—one Finch put him there. *Finch immortal!*—illustrous name in the fusty, mouldering archives of bigotry and intolerance—a name, whether John, Thomas, or Robert, I care not to inquire—but *Finch illustrious!* down to our time, from keeping Daniel De Foe twelve months in Newgate; and placing the wooden ruff about his neck at Temple Bar or Tyburn Gate; because he would not pronounce the two significant words of propelling power—ROBERT HARLEY."

And the following description of the grave must close our notice, which has been more difficult to write for what Mr. Chadwick has omitted than for what he has asserted. It is hard to get a firm grasp of hasty pudding; and, though a wind-bag be made of velvet laced with gold, it is not so solid as one of sackcloth filled with marble. In the marble lies a form, a substance, a tangible creation; in the wind-bag and Mr. Chadwick's "Life of De Foe" we have only intangibility and words:

"On my visiting that sacred spot of departed patriotism—the last solemn resting-place of the mortal remains of Daniel De Foe, Bunhill Fields Cemetery—I was struck with the condition of the tombstone, which was broken, and the inscriptions, two or three, obliterated by neglect and the corrosive influence of time and atmosphere. I pointed this gravestone to the sexton: 'That tombstone is broken, and the inscriptions are worn off through the corrosive influence of the atmosphere.' 'Yes, sir, the lightning did it,' was the reply. Lightning did it—impossible! The tomb of De Foe requiring lightning from heaven to destroy it! This truly is one way of obliterating the memorial of departed greatness; for De Foe was both great and good—yes, he was a good man. What! the white reekly haze of the sulphurous exhalations of the vale of Sodom and Gomorrah here? Forbid it, Heaven! Daniel De Foe's last resting-place to be torn up by fire from heaven!—he; one of the first writers on free trade and political economy, and every branch of civil and religious liberty, in all seasons of prosperity or national danger—he; not only statesman but philanthropist—be torn up or disturbed, in his last resting-place, by fire from heaven! Impossible! The tomb is broken of that man who dared to show to arbitrary powers in church and in state; how to pull their house about their ears—THE SHORTEST WAY."

Chiefs of Parties. By D. O. Maddyn, Esq.,
Author of "The Age of Pitt and Fox."
(Skeet.)

It is impossible that a work of this kind, if written with the most ordinary ability, should not be uncommonly interesting. Party is the differential element of English politics, and politics absorb a vast proportion of English thought. The actions, moreover, of public men are so much more the result of external and tangible influences than those of great literary or military celebrities, that every individual may fancy he has contributed his share towards creating them. And there is, perhaps, no occupation in which an Englishman so much delights as in comparing the measures of statesmen with the motives by which they privately acknowledge themselves to be actuated. A book, then, we say, of which this is the special subject matter, could hardly fail to become extensively popular, if written by an author who had even ordinary qualifications for the task. But, as the production of a gentleman, at once so familiar with political memoirs, and so practised in the art of turning them to account, as Mr. Maddyn has proved himself, we predict for it a permanent success. The subject, however, is of far too much importance to permit of our neglecting any faults which we observe in the treatment of it, while Mr. Maddyn's position in literature is so well established, that he can have nothing to fear from impartial criticism. We shall, therefore, make one or two preliminary observations on the style and method of our author, before proceeding to consider the body of his subject.

Mr. Maddyn's style is original and occasionally keen, but it wants both ease and purity. It shows a mind continually straining after subtlety, which it is so far from attaining that even its ordinary conceptions are not grasped with distinctness. For instance, of Sir James Graham: "He arranged his facts in consecutive order, and decked them with the flowers of a graceful rhetoric, that always gave one the idea that the speaker was able to do more if he but chose." Now does Mr. Maddyn mean that flowery rhetoric is usually an index of hidden strength? We are sure he does not. Yet what else are we to gather from his words? Again, of Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton: "Where amidst the tropical fertility of its metaphor, and the tangled luxuriance of its flowery rhetoric, an original perception of the picturesque and genius for producing it in words is visible in every page." Now to make this sentence good there ought to be an opposition between "tangled luxuriance of flowery rhetoric," and "a perception of the picturesque." But we know that Mr. Maddyn doesn't mean this. His thoughts are often striking, but they are ill-arranged, and the least important occupy the most prominent position in his sentences. He is continually guilty of what in poetry is called a *corroboratio*, as for instance in describing Croker's attack on Lord Brougham, "he insinuated," says he, "that Lord Brougham was but a political masquerader, and that he had vacillated in his course." These clauses ought obviously to be transposed: "that he had vacillated in his conduct, and was in fact little better than a political masquerader." He indulges also in certain vain repetitions quite peculiar to himself which give a watery flavour to his language, and spoil many of his best passages; as for instance, "He treated reform as if it were revolu-

tion, and drew no distinction between them." On the other hand, his inordinate fondness for a striking collocation of words frequently leads him into contradictions, which are, we admit, mere verbal contradictions, but still leave a very confused impression on the reader's mind. Lord Palmerston, he says in one place, had

"From his Edinburgh education, and from the lessons of Dugald Stewart, acquired a certain largeness of thought, making him look beyond precedents on the official file, and enabling him to understand those broad social impulses which burst out of traditional routine."

While on the very next page we read that "his ideas on most subjects were those of a conventionalist, and his thinking was never original." But enough of such blemishes, which are after all but trifles compared with the sterling utility of these volumes. If Mr. Maddyn will accept our observations in good part, pay a little more attention to precision of language, and logical sequence of ideas, and get rid of the habit of speaking so much in the first person, we have no doubt that the work which he here promises us, on the history of public questions since the American War, will be a valuable contribution to the political literature of the country.

He who sits down to immortalise "the chiefs of party" will naturally be expected to have faith in the system which made them what they were. Mr. Maddyn's remarks upon party are, therefore, of course favourable to that mode of conducting parliamentary business. But we think he has fallen into a grave error, in his comparison between what were formerly known as "connections," and what are now familiarly known as parties. If our readers will refer to our comments on Lord John Russell's "Life of Fox," they will there find the meaning of the word connection explained at length. We need only remind them that it signifies a combination of statesmen under the banners of some great patrician house, such as the Pelhams or the Russells, who made every other consideration subordinate to the advancement of their own clique. We are therefore rather surprised to find Mr. Maddyn asking if the revival of such connections as these would not be advantageous to the crown at the present day. Why, these combinations were exactly the very system which reduced the crown to a cypher, and which at the present moment prevent the reconstruction of party! Whether party itself be a good or an evil may be an open question, though it is generally admitted that parliament works weakly without it; but about the character of these connections there can be no doubt whatever. They are fatal to the acquirement of comprehensive political views by the statesmen who belong to them, and obstinate obstructions to business in the parliaments which submit to them. If there ever was an instance of this truth it is to be seen in the state of English parties at the present moment.

On the whole, the first of these two volumes is the weaker one, though adorned by two elaborate and brilliant pictures of Pitt and Fox,* by which the remainder of the book is utterly thrown into the shade. But it contains more attempts at generalisation, and it is in generalisation that Mr. Maddyn fails. But when he reaches a contemporary period, and the leading statesmen of the present day are successively passed in review, he

becomes interesting, piquant, and eloquent. Before quitting the subjects embraced in this volume, we should add that Mr. Maddyn has given us an extremely careful analysis of the celebrated Peel and Canning quarrel, which he decides in favour of Sir Robert, to whom he thinks Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," has done injustice.

In his estimate of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Maddyn strives hard to be impartial, and we think he may be admitted to be so. Some of his writing on this subject is very good. That statesman's position in the House of Commons immediately after the Reform Bill is thus graphically sketched:

"As he looked around the benches, where, in former years, he had so many skilful and intrepid coadjutors, he might well have desponded. Some of the most promising of his associates in the Liverpool Cabinet were opposed to him, or gone to the Upper House. Lord Palmerston, Lord Ripon, and Mr. Charles Grant were Whigs. Mr. J. W. Ward (Lord Dudley) was no more. Mr. Croker had given up the game, and intrenched himself in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. Sir Robert Inglis was a political archaeologist, not a practical statesman; his mind was with the age of Queen Anne; he was only a century behind the time—amiable and accomplished—the Sir Charles Grandison of bigots—a great ornament to any cause, but without the perception of political actuality. Not until the next year was Mr. Gladstone, an orator and a genius, returned to Parliament; and in 1833 there was only one member by the side of Sir Robert Peel in Opposition with eminent parliamentary talents. That was Mr. Shaw—Recorder of Dublin—ready and intrepid in debate, with the good taste of English, and the fire of Irish eloquence; but the provinciality of his topics detracted from his utility, and his constant encounters with the demagogues of his country had given him an Orange aspect, not natural to him.

"What, then, had Peel to rely upon? He had—himself. He had his unbroken constitution, his official experience of twenty years, his hoarded knowledge—the fame of one pitted against Canning, Plunket, and Brougham in debate—his strong English sense, practical though not splendid eloquence, and unrivalled capacity for the business of the Commons. Armed with these powers—strong in his own greatness—he stood up, with assured ease and complacency, to address, for the first time, the Reformed House of Commons. There was the greatest anxiety to hear him. The new members—the mercantile representatives of the large towns—wished to listen to the debater whose solid capacity and deep knowledge they had often admired in the reports; and his old Whig adversaries in the Treasury Benches were equally anxious to see what tone he would take, and how he would suit himself to the new position. He commenced with an air of extreme modesty, and a well-acted humility. He stated, with much touching grace, that he was well aware of the great difference between his present and his former position before the House of Commons; in other days he had been head of a majority, or of a large and powerful minority. The times now were altered. He was reduced to the station of a private Member of Parliament; but still he was sure that, even in that position, the House would give him that fair play which it never refused to any of its members. His tone of graceful humility was artfully assumed. It was a masterpiece of political histrionics, and was in itself a specimen of high oratorical art. His quiet manner, his air of modesty, his dulcet voice, his easy winding into the subject, and the style of candour with which he announced his intention of supporting the Government where he could conscientiously, produced a most favourable impression on his audience. Most of the new members were deeply interested in commercial prosperity, and his sensible remarks on financial matters, which came out from the speaker with the ease of perfect knowledge, riveted their ears.

* Originally written for the *Press* newspaper.

"Before three weeks had elapsed, it was impressed upon all the new members of the Reformed Parliament that Sir R. Peel was the first and most competent man of affairs in the House."

"But," continues Mr. Maddyn:

"But let us not now be deceived by the illusions of the time. In estimating the historical size of Sir Robert Peel, as contrasted with Walpole (with whom it is believed that he desired to be compared), or with the younger Pitt (to whom he bore not the least resemblance), we must not forget that *Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was always at the side of Sir Robert Peel*. The Court, in 1834, had virtually cast itself upon the Duke of Wellington for aid, and the Duke "stood by his sovereign," and requested the help of Sir Robert Peel. Of that crisis, and of the greater part of the responsibility, the burthen rested upon the Duke of Wellington. Neither Walpole, nor the younger Pitt, had ever a Wellington at their right hands."

Be this as it may, we think Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pitt, and Sir Robert Peel will hereafter be mentioned together, as the three greatest ministers which our parliamentary system had produced down to the middle of the nineteenth century; Pitt being taller by a head than either of his companions, who are pretty nearly equidistant from him in political greatness. Walpole had more of Pitt's courage, but he lacked his purity of morals, and his appreciation of commercial principles. Peel had all his morality, and much of his commercial insight, but he lacked his courage. He had confidence in his own powers of management, and knowledge of parliamentary tactics; but after the overthrow of his early opinions, he seems to have lost faith in his competency for political science. It is difficult, of course, to compare men placed in such widely different circumstances, and possessed of such unequal measures of political experience. But Walpole, we must remember, had only one thing to do—to keep the House of Hanover on the throne. He was confronted by a bold and brilliant parliamentary Opposition: nor had he, like Pitt, the majority of the people in his favour. But still his attention was little distracted: financial or ecclesiastical reforms, a discontented manufacturing population, a diffidence of his own position, never troubled the great Whig minister. As at the Battle of Waterloo, so in the long parliamentary battle between Wyndham and Walpole, there was little manoeuvring; it was sheer hand-to-hand fighting; and the indomitable pluck of Walpole left him virtually the conqueror, though compelled to retire from the field. Now Peel could no more have played Walpole's part, than Walpole, to judge from what we know of him, could have played Peel's. Peel would have quailed before the triple hostility of the best orators in Parliament, the best writers in the press, and the most powerful classes of society. He would have feared organisation, and have made way for a Jacobite ministry. Walpole, on the other hand, seems to have had none of the craft which eminently distinguished Peel. He could not have written the Tamworth manifesto; he could not have humbugged deputations and mystified economists. In a word, he could neither have invented nor conducted Conservatism. Which was the greater man will always be a matter of dispute. But our own opinion is that Sir Robert Peel had the making of a greater man in him. As for his subserviency to the Court, there is little that a minister can do in that way in the nineteenth century which can be much to his

discredit. In making this charge, Mr. Maddyn has forgotten for a moment the "Bedchamber plot," though he alludes to it elsewhere; an incident on which Mr. Disraeli observes, "it was unfortunate that one who, if any, should have occupied the proud and national position of the leader of the Tory party, the chief of the people, and the champion of the throne, should have commenced his career as minister under Victoria by an unseemly contrariety to the personal wishes of the Queen." This is very just, though it is only after all putting in a delicate way what one of the characters in the novel from which it is taken observed more briefly: "Peel should have taken office," said Lord Marney; "what are the women to us?" The personal attendants of the Sovereign might very well have been left to her own will and pleasure, and the precedent would have been a good one as a powerful blow at the connection system. From Mr. Maddyn's anecdotes of Sir Robert we select the following:

"One day Sir Robert Peel was riding, near Birmingham, in company with one of the leading professional celebrities of London, then on a visit with him at Drayton Manor. They passed a new and handsome villa, which Sir Robert Peel pointed out as belonging to one of the chief professional men in Birmingham. 'He is,' said Sir Robert's companion, 'one of the oldest friends I have in the world, and it is nearly twenty years since I have taken him by the hand, although I often correspond with him.' 'Oh!' said Sir Robert Peel, 'I'll drive you up there with pleasure,' and the coachman was ordered to drive to the villa. 'And you must come in with me, Sir Robert!' said his companion, 'my old friend will, I am sure, be proud of seeing me with the Prime Minister in his house.' Sir Robert Peel consented to go in. The greeting between the two old friends was cordial and joyous. The family, also, at first felt much pleasure at receiving Sir Robert Peel. The honours of the house were performed with grace and hospitality. A choice luncheon, admirably served, was immediately set forth, and the Prime Minister sat down to the table. From the time that Sir Robert Peel entered that villa to his leaving it, he never opened his lips nor joined in the conversation. 'I would not have minded it as far as I myself was concerned,' said the eldest son of the gentleman who owned the villa, 'but my father is one of the most respectable professional men in England, and in his way just as respectable a man as Sir Robert Peel's father, and I bitterly felt for the affront to him.' Yet Sir Robert Peel meant no affront. It was simply the fault of his manners, which at times were certainly most ungracious."

Of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell Mr. Maddyn writes briefly but well. He a little underrates the former, and a little overrates the latter; but, on the whole, his estimate will not be generally quarrelled with. The concluding sketches of Sir J. Graham, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone are not so good. That of Mr. Disraeli is far too short, and conveys no adequate idea of the man or the statesman. And yet the process by which Mr. Disraeli has risen to the leadership of his party in the House of Commons is one of the most interesting episodes in English politics. Hated by a fourth of the Conservative party; for a long time upon distant terms with its chief; without any of those special gifts which attach popular enthusiasm, and supply more than a compensation for aristocratic dislike; identified with none of those great constitutional or religious questions which sustain the reputation of ordinary statesmen; neither supported by the church, like Mr. Gladstone, nor by orthodox reformers, like

Lord John Russell, nor by the Roman Citizen party like Lord Palmerston; a brilliant and formidable, but not a commanding orator; a really philosophic, but little understood, politician; without wealth, without patrons, and without a revolution: by what agency has Mr. Disraeli attained his present eminence? We attribute it in great part to that freedom from prejudice which is the compensation for his alien blood, and has enabled him to turn every particle of his genius to the best possible account. He has cultivated his capabilities to their utmost pitch, and he never gives his adversaries a point by the obstinate defence of untenable positions. He never appeals to the prejudices of his hearers, and although this may at times impart a coldness to his oratory, it inevitably tells upon the public in the long run, while at the same time it has made him a master of exposition, so that men are struck by the wonderful clearness of his intellect, and impressed by the easy mastery of details which he has trained himself to exhibit. But, more than all this, he has proved himself thoroughly equal to the management of the Conservative party. If we cast our eye over the ranks of contemporary statesmen, we look in vain for one who would have fed them in the desert like the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the dreariest moments of their sojourn in the wilderness of opposition, he always had a happy phrase, or a dexterous formula, to hide their nakedness or to fill their mouths. We say this in a spirit of the sincerest admiration. When an old Tory had succeeded in persuading the Liberals to call him their head, but to let him govern on what principles he chose, the Conservative party, of course, were not so much in opposition as in exile. It was impossible that this unnatural state of things should continue long. But while it did continue, the Conservatives were inevitably perplexed themselves and lowered in public estimation. It was here that Mr. Disraeli's leadership was invaluable. His foresight and coolness were the salvation of his party. His candid support of Lord Palmerston on numerous occasions was more effective than the adroitest hostile manoeuvres. And thus, with a reputation for enlightened opinions, a capacity for business acknowledged by the City, and a parliamentary strategy especially useful at the present day, he has succeeded in disarming jealousy, conciliating pride, and in thoroughly making his the eminent position which he holds. Had he shared all our national prejudices, he might have been more popular. But considering the nature of his abilities he would in our opinion have been less powerful, less adapted for the leadership of his party in times like these, and likely to have transmitted a less brilliant reputation to posterity.

The sketch of Mr. Gladstone is the worst in the volume. Mr. Maddyn is for ever complaining that Mr. Gladstone is too fond of logic. Now, do people, and they are far from few, who reason in this way ever stop to consider what it is they are condemning? They are simply condemning an adherence to those laws of thought by which we cannot conceive two and two making anything but four. We know very well, and Mr. Gladstone knows very well, that many minds are callous to logic. People every day propagate premises of which they steadily shut their eyes to the conclusions. But who is the fool here? The man who sees, or the

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man who won't see, the ratiocinative process? Among a practical people like the English, and a system of government of which compromise is the essence, logical minds are of inestimable value. Let the legislature at all events have the consequences of this course or of that course fairly laid before them, and then they can choose for themselves. They can consider which of two equally objectionable results is more likely to be intercepted by disturbing causes. But if they do not comprehend the result, they may blunder on in inextricable confusion for ever.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Maddy, on whom we have commented freely, because we admire him much. His book is a capital repertoire of political information; though we wonder he has given no separate chapters to either Lord North, Mr. Canning, or Lord Derby; and we can cordially recommend it to all politicians, professional or amateur, and to all historians and journalists.

The Handbook of Dining. By Leonard Francis Simpson. (Longman & Co.)

DECIDEDLY one of the most popular subjects of the day is the art of gastronomy, which, by the way, learned *gourmets* have taken out from among the arts and elevated into a science "well worthy the study of persons of intellect of both sexes." There is a run upon cooking and eating. Half the world is given up to the manufacture and enjoyment of recondite *entremets* and sauces, though, to be sure, the other half, sad and hungry, is doubtful whether it can dine to-day at all or no, even upon "cagmag" and offal. But this is beside the question, which has to deal with taste only, not with hunger. Brillat-Savarin was one of the most celebrated of those who sought to raise the art of cooking food, and the knowledge of what kind of food to cook, into the science *par excellence* which dignifies civilised humanity and places it above savagery and brutedom; and it is his "*Physiologie du Goût*," of which Mr. Simpson has made a condensed translation in his pleasant little "Handbook of Dining."

"Cookery is the most ancient art," says Brillat-Savarin; "for Adam was born fasting, and the new-born babe that has scarcely entered the world cries until it is calmed by its mother's breast." Surely for cooking one ought to read their feeding; for we doubt if Adam made a *pot-au-feu* or an omelette in Paradise—nay, if even he so much as poached an egg or grilled a steak; and as for the baby, there is no "cooking" done there, excepting by the nurse in the caudle-cup. Then it is not every one who cooks even at this present time. Many savages prefer raw meat; and the Abyssinian banquets *au naturel* are known to every reader. Raw meat, by-the-bye, is almost as intoxicating as spirits, and makes men as excitable and ungovernable as beng or alcohol. It sticks in the teeth, which is an inconvenience; but, seasoned with a little salt, is pleasant enough to the palate, if once the civilised man's natural loathing can be so far overcome as to suffer him to taste it. Easily digested, it is more nourishing than when cooked; hence, by parity of reasoning, "underdone" meat is more wholesome and nutritious than that which has been too long on the spit or in the boiler. Prize-fighters and men in training are fed upon half-raw steaks; and the Croats and Tartars are as

notorious eaters of uncooked flesh as the Abyssinians:

"'Mein Gott!' said a captain of Croats to me in 1815, whom I had invited to dinner, 'why so much trouble about a repast? When we are on scout-duty and are hungry, we shoot the first animal that crosses our path, we cut off a slice to our liking, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, of which we always carry a provision in our *sabretasche*, we place it under the saddle on the horse's back, set off at a hand gallop, and (making the movement of a man tearing meat with his teeth) *gnian, gnian, gnian*, we dine like princes.'"

In the Dauphiné the sportsman who kills a cornrake plucks it, rubs it on the inside with pepper and salt, carries it in his cap, and, when hungry eats it; preferring it thus than when roasted; and even among ourselves "the most delicate palate will eat dried sausages, smoked beef and ham, anchovies, dried herrings that have never been on the fire, and like them all the same." But all this is barbarism with more or less of veneer. Cookery is the true art of civilisation; and the discovery of osmazone, or essence of meat, which forms the merit of good soup or broth, makes the brown on roasts, the rich gravy in the dish, and gives their peculiar flavour to venison and other game—this wonderful essence lifted society out of savagery, and was the basis and bond of all human improvement. From the "bread, wine, and grill" of Homeric cookery, to the exquisite handling and varied combinations of the modern *chef*, what strides have not been taken? Evidently M. Brillat-Savarin would relegate railroads and the electric telegraph to the power of osmazone and the potential virtues of the stewpan. The stewpan was the matrix wherein lay the germ of the civilisation of the world.

Cookery has always been despotic. Cookery gave Egypt and her fleshpots the power of oppressing the Israelites; cookery made Greece and Rome successive mistresses and teachers of the nations; cookery subdued and civilised the barbarians who dis-crowned the Queen of the South; and cookery—and the admission of women to the banquets—made chivalry and Charlemagne the social powers they were. In the middle ages cookery rose into great importance. "Women, even of the highest rank, did not think it beneath their dignity to oversee their kitchens," and "under their pretty fingers" what may be called the fantastic or masquerading era of the art began. Hares came up with cats' ears; pies were made of live birds or well-dressed dwarfs; there were pasty castles and moats of jelly with real fish swimming below; confectionary ships that fired off salvos of sweetmeats, set in seas of rose-water, which the guests flung madly at each other; everything was made to look as unlike itself and as like something else as possible; for the dinner-table was naturally in accordance with the refinements of the taste which created euphuisms, or chaired up the tips of the shoes to the knees. But all these grotesque barbarisms gradually passed away, and the true science advanced. Garlic had been brought from the east by the crusaders; parsley had been imported from Italy to the less advanced *batteries* of France and England; and long before the reign of Louis XIV. sausage-mongers had made fortunes. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch brought coffee into Europe, and the "Rue St. André aux Arts" opened the first coffee-shop with marble tables and mirrors, much in the same style as the *cafés* of the present

day." In the same century, too, sugar was introduced; and brandy, of which the secret had been brought from the east by the Crusaders, and kept by the cheer-loving monks and abbés, began to be commonly distilled: tobacco followed close on the heels of the other; "so that sugar, coffee, brandy, and tobacco, these four important articles to commerce and the exchequer, date scarcely two centuries back."

Louis XIV. imported the *épine d'éte*—la *bonne poire*—as he called it; and, to the exigences of his failing health, we owe the discovery of liqueurs. Queen Anne was a notorious patroness of the art, and held many consultations with her master cooks; and the Regent Duke of Orleans loved *piqués*, *mattelottes*, and truffled turkeys. Since then gastronomy has ever been on the increase, until it is now placed before us as a positive science, governed by laws as arbitrary and absolute as those of geometry and mathematics. These are the aphorisms upon which the whole fabric is erected:

I.
"The universe without life would be nothing; and all that lives must be fed."

II.
"Animals feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat."

III.
"The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed."

IV.
"Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are."

V.
"The Creator in making it obligatory on man to eat and live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences."

VI.
"Good living is an act of our judgment, by which we give a preference to things agreeable to taste, to those which do not possess that quality."

VII.
"The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they remain to console us for their loss."

VIII.
"The dinner-table is the only place where men are not bored during the first hour."

IX.
"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind, than the discovery of a new planet."

X.
"Men who eat hastily or get drunk do not know how to eat or drink."

XI.
"Comestibles vary from the most substantial to the most light."

XII.
"Beverages range from the mildest to the strongest and most delicately flavoured."

XIII.
"To say that a man ought not to vary his wine is heresy: the palate becomes deadened; after the third glass the finest wine in the world becomes insipid."

XIV.
"A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye."

XV.
"Cookery is a science. No man is born a cook."

XVI.
"The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same must be said of guests."

XVII.
"To wait too long for a guest is a breach of politeness towards all who have arrived punctually."

XVIII.

"A man who invites friends to dinner, and takes no personal interest in his dinner, is not worthy of friendship.

XIX.

"The lady of the house should always take care that the coffee is excellent; and the master of the house should be sure that the *liqueurs* are of the first quality.

XX.

"When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands."

"PUNCTUALITY IS THE MOST INDISPENSABLE QUALITY IN A COOK," says Brillat-Savarin in oracular type, and with hygienic meaning: to support which axiom he brings forward an anecdote of how a certain delayed dinner caused general indigestion among the guests: and he also reminds the polite host, who waits beyond a certain fraction of time for a belated guest, that politeness to one sinner is inhospitality and cruelty to the ninety and nine just men who arrived to the hour. In short a dinner is a weighty affair, not to be lightly undertaken, nor without a due regard of its responsibilities and effects; for governmental measures have been lost or won, ministers have been saved or ruined, fortunes made or spent, and lives perfected or marred by dinners. For do not dinners lie at the root and heart of all action? Are they not "the motor of the agriculturist, the vine-grower, the sportsman, the fisherman, and the great family of cooks?" Is not gastronomy connected:

"With natural history by the classification it makes of alimentary substances;

"With physics by the examination of their composition and quality;

"With chemistry by the different analyses and decompositions it subjects them to;

"With cookery by the art of preparing the dishes and making them agreeable to the taste;

"With commerce by seeking the cheapest and best market to buy in, and an advantageous one to sell in;

"Finally, with political economy by the returns it brings into the Exchequer, and the means of exchange it provides to nations?"

Let not then presumptuous men of coarse tastes and insensible papillæ despise the art of cookery, or the science of dining.

Everything has its proper time, as it has its fit occasion. Capers, asparagus, sucking pigs, and pigeons, should be eaten before they have attained their full development; melons, most fruits, beef, mutton, and all adult animals, when they have come to years of discretion and maturity of fibre and texture; medlars, woodcocks, pheasants, and all game when decomposition has commenced—while the potato, tapioca, and other things must part with certain qualities before they are fit for human use at all. Game forms the subject of "transcendent cookery." The first class "commences with the thrush, and comprises all lesser birds;" "the second ranges higher, commencing with the corn-crake, then snipe, woodcock, partridge, pheasant, rabbit, and hare. This is real game." "The third is better known as venison; it comprises the wild boar, roe, deer, and all others of the hoof-footed species." But even game is dependent on locality for virtue; thus, a red partridge from Périgord has not the same flavour as a red partridge from Sologne; and a hare from the outskirts of Paris is not worth the trouble of roasting, while "a leveret killed in the hills of Valromey, or of the Upper Dauphiné, is perhaps the most delicate of quadrupeds." Among small birds the

becca-fica stands pre-eminent in delicacy; "if the becca-fica was as big as a pheasant, it would be cheap at an acre of land," says Savarin; the ortolan is also one of the small-game royalties; woodcocks, quails, and snipes need no introduction to an English audience, and the hideous little fat diabolin, the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia, and the rice buntings of Carolina, are all supreme delicacies in the various habitats of their choice. Fat little birds ought to be eaten whole. "Take him by the beak," says Savarin, "sprinkle a little salt over him, take out the gullet, bite him off close to your fingers, and 'chew him manfully.'" You will have pleasure unknown to the vulgar. Quails ought to be roasted *en papillote*; and a snipe is never in its full glory excepting when roasted before the eyes of the sportsman who has killed it. A pheasant eaten a week after it is shot is not worth a chicken; kept till decomposition has set in, "it is a morsel worthy of the most exalted gourmands." Indeed, taken at the point, "it is sublime." The way to keep it, is *à la Sainte Alliance*. Plucked when the flesh has just begun to change colour under the front feathers, and not plucked before, as the feathers seem to retain the flavour in the flesh; larded (*piqué*); stuffed with minced snipe, beef-marrow cooked by steam, lard, pepper, salt, fine herbs, and truffles: laid on a toast, on which is spread the extracts of the two snipes that went to form the stuffing pounded up with truffles, an anchovy, lard, and fresh butter, so that all the juice issuing from it, while wasting, may be soaked in by the toast; served up "reclining gracefully on the toast," with slices of lemon round; and washed down with "*vin du cru de la Haute Bourgogne*," it is a dish worthy the noblest in the land, one which makes "the eyes of the ladies twinkle like stars, their lips become the colour of coral, and their features beam with delight." This is *faisan à la Sainte Alliance*, which Brillat-Savarin places as the culminating point of "transcendent cookery."

On fish he is scarcely so eloquent. Fishes he esteems, but for moral reasons, not for gastronomical:

"As for myself, I entertain for fishes a sentiment which borders upon respect, and which arises from the intimate conviction that they are evidently antediluvian creatures; the great cataclysm, which drowned our grand-uncles about the eighteenth century of the creation of the world, must have been for fishes a time of rejoicing, of conquest, and festivity."

But truffles! "Whoever says 'Truffle,' pronounces a grand word which arouses at once the feeling of both sexes." Truffle is the "diamond of the *cuisine*," with peculiar virtues skilfully indicated in an anecdote with the flavour of Marmontel in it. The best French truffles came from Périgord and Upper Provence, and are in full flavour in January; those found at Bugey do not keep, and the truffles from Dauphiné and Bourgogne are of inferior quality and tasteless: "There are 'truffles' and 'truffles,'" says Brillat-Savarin.

Women who understand life are naturally gourmandes: their instinct teaching them that good living preserves good looks, giving more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles, and consequently keeping off wrinkles, "those dreaded enemies of beauty." *La gourmandise* keeps society together, and rounds off the sharp angles of conventional inequality; it makes the host courteous and considerate,

the guests grateful; but "eternal shame to those stupid feeders who bolt down with indifference the most delicate morsels, and who gulp first-rate wines without tasting them." But indeed every man is not born a gourmand, as every man is not born a poet, or an artist, or a hero. Some men have a positive incapacity for the delicate perception of exquisite flavours; and others, absent and ambitious, attempt to think and eat at the same time, so do neither well. Napoleon was one of these gastronomic barbarians who eat simply to satisfy his hunger, and was not particular as to the quality. Happily for men, and our author, there are predestined gourmands; men of "middle height, with round or square faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins;" the women of this class are "dimpled, pretty rather than handsome, and inclined to *embonpoint*." Those, on the contrary, out of the pale of gastronomic predestination, "have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, there is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek black hair, and are thin and lanky: it is they who invented trousers." Their women are "angulous, yawn at dinner, and live upon whist and scandal."

The great art of dinner-giving is to have quality rather than quantity; scientific cookery, not murder with a high-sounding name. Dinners served *à la Russe*, with plenty of flowers on the table, and a succession of dishes, quite hot, at your elbow; good wine, quiet attendance, brilliant lighting, and snowy table linen; the coffee very hot, and the liqueurs first-rate; tea of moderate strength, hot toast well buttered; punch, carefully mixed; a party ranging from three to twelve; and no one leaving before eleven, but every one in bed at twelve—these are the primary rules for successful dinner-giving. Add—for the ladies—rissoles, of lobster or chicken; sweet bread and oyster *pâtés*, but not curry; ice *à la Vanille*, *Charlotte russe*, and a glass of maraschino after the ice; salad for everybody, and your dinner will be perfect if your cook is a man of sense, and you have not got toothache or a bilious attack. Some things ought to be kept back from all but amateurs. For instance, an "*omelette au thon*," or an omelette seasoned and flavoured with tunny, is not for the profane, but only for the initiated who have education and conscience. "Reserved for *recherché dîneurs*, or for assemblies where amateurs meet who know how to eat well, and washed down with a good old wine, it will work wonders."

People cannot do better than go to Mr. Leonard Simpson for the recipe; and indeed for much beside; for he has put out a very charming little volume, pleasant in the reading, and by no means uninteresting; genial, sensible, and *gourmand*—which, it might be as well to state, is the very antithesis of gluttonous, being the art of eating carried out to its ultimate perfection of science and refinement.

Opportunities for Industry and the Safe Investment of Capital. By Edwin T. Freedley. (Low & Son.)

In the space of not half so many pages, Mr. Freedley has collected together above one thousand recipes—he calls them "chances"—for making money, most of which seem to be both rational and feasible; but about as tantalising to those troubled with the disease of impecuniosity, as was the Barncide's *menu*

to the hungry guest. A thousand chances for making money. Surely, in such a multiplicity of paths, all leading to the same point, it would seem to be impossible to miss one's way! What, indeed, could be easier than to buy Mr. Freedley's book, start one of the "chances," and come out a millionaire at the end of the chase? Our American friend says it may be done; and we are bound to add that he gives very straightforward indications of the manner how, and does actually point out modes of action and investments which have no Barnum-like humbug in them. The thousand chances are all industrial and commercial applications; all legitimate modes of supplying natural and legitimate demands. The only alchemy used is that of insight to perceive, and quickness to answer to, the wants of the day, and the turning to sound practical account the various new discoveries of trade and science. For instance, we are told to "raise stock" for the American market, both for food and draught; American "jacks," Anglicæ, donkeys, specially recommended for the last, and Texas the favourite breeding-place for the first. And then we come to comparative cost prices—how a mule in Missouri, for example, is worth a hundred dollars when three years old, and costs about ten dollars a year for his keep; and how, in Northern Mexico, a capital of fifty thousand dollars invested in land and "the necessary appurtenances," and three thousand in brood mares, would, "at the end of three years, yield mules that could be sold for more than a hundred thousand dollars, with a lot of one or two-year olds in hand, and the original stock not materially impaired." "Some very large fortunes have been made in this business," adds Mr. Freedley, "and others equally as large can and will be made in future." Then we are advised to cultivate cotton in favourable localities not hitherto devoted to that purpose. "In Texas," the cotton, "produced by the Germans by their own labour, commands, we are told, in the Galveston market, a small premium over any other of the same quality;" and planters of veracity "state that it is not uncommon to pick four thousand pounds of seed cotton from an acre." Mexico, too, is a good cotton country, especially along the Gulf coast; and California could be made a first-rate cotton district; so of other places not now cotton countries *par excellence*. The same with sugar. Our author's eighth chance is contained in this aphorism: "Money can be made in the production of sugar, and especially by Manufacturing Sugar from other Plants than the Cane." For which purpose the manufacture of beet-root sugar is advised; for though a hundred and fifty thousand tons are annually made in France, and half as much more in other parts of the continent, still sugar generally is too scarce and too dear yet, and the field of enterprise in cheapening and increasing it by no means choked up. The white or Silesian beet yields the most sugar, and the common field-beet the least. Next to beet-root sugar comes maple sugar; and the spot indicated for the manufacture of this is Lake Huron in Canada. Maple sugar is said to be, when refined, equal in quality to the best West Indian. Sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, is the third monetary medium in this direction; and, if certain manipulatory directions are followed, it is said to be "about as easy to make good sugar from the Chinese cane as to make a pot of good muck, and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple-butter."

The ninth chance is devoted to the consi-

deration of tobacco harvests, and the wisdom of enlarging tobacco nurseries; and the tenth goes into the cultivation of flax and hemp. "as likely to be profitable in the future." According to the Scottish Jeremiah of our day, hemp ought to be the most valuable and extensively cultivated of all our growths; for the "hempen cravat" that slang songs speak of would, if his philosophy were true, be the *cordon d'honneur* of one half of humanity. Then the cereals and other plants of ordinary domestic use come in for their share of recommendation; and ways and means are shown by which their production shall give the producer a fortune, while, at the same time, the consumer shall be benefited by their lower price and greater abundance than before. Substitutes for the potato are mentioned; among them the Chinese yam and the "Saa-ga-ban," as the Macinac Indians call the *Glycine Apios*. The saa-ga-ban is one of the leguminosæ, and is common throughout the southern and northern states of America, and is also met with in the lower British North American provinces. The following is a flattering account of the plant:

"The ordinary potato of this country," says Simmonds, "does not yield more than fourteen per cent. of starch, and contains seventy-six per cent. of water. From the best Saa-ga-ban Dr. Gesner obtained twenty-one per cent. of starch; and the quantity of water is reduced to fifty per cent. It also contains vegetable albumen, gum, and sugar. From these facts, it is evident that the Saa-ga-ban is much more nutritive than the potato; and the weight of the tubers in their wild state, compared with the weight of the slender vine in the best samples, is equal in proportion to the common cultivated potato in its ordinary growth. The starch is very white, and closely resembles that made from the arrow-root. It is not improbable that the quantity of water in the tuber will be increased by cultivation; yet the fibrous parenchyma will be reduced—and, taken altogether, the nutritive properties will be increased, and if the plant improve as much by cultivation as the potato and many others have done, its success is certain."

Other wild plants are catalogued which might be made into nutritious and pleasant garden vegetables; among them, the Earth-Mouse (*Lathyrus tuberosus*), found in Lorraine and Burgundy, which, however, the French peasant will not cultivate, because he says that it walks underground and leaves one field for another. Grasses, too, are spoken of; and such kinds as are good for milch cows recommended; as the sweet-scented vernal grass, which makes such delicious butter, owing, it is supposed, to the presence of benzoic acid; and others, valuable for textile fabrics, and the like. Another section of the book is devoted to various recipes for making artificial substances to compensate for the decrease or expensiveness of the same things of natural production. We would particularly instance the manufacture of imitation gems, imitation metals, marbles, fuels, milk, and ice; and of many food-substitutes: under each heading of which we find most curious and valuable information, and a perfect wealth of mechanical instruction. Artificial milk, to take one of them, is to be made as Mr. Septimus Piesse made his compound at the Exhibition of 1851: namely, of the yolk of eggs, gum acacia, honey, and salad oil; which mixture yields milk or cream according to the amount of dilution employed; containing, as it does, all the natural elements of cows' milk—caseine, albumen, gum, grape sugar, and fatty matter. This milk makes butter, and will keep sweet for two years. A fourth section goes into some homely details of excellent good sense;

and a fifth is a scattered outlying collection, comprising hints on the breeding and exportation of fish, on mining operations, salt manufactures, the manufacture of certain commercial novelties, and the development of certain unused natural powers; the whole concluding with many pages of recipes, ranging from cookery to toothache.

Perhaps there is not much that is generally available in this book, but as a whole, it is valuable for the vast amount of special information it has gathered together, and exceedingly interesting to all who delight in commercial statistics. It has been compiled with much care, and the authorities quoted are sufficient guarantees for its exactness. It treats of almost every known practical science and manufacture. Photography and currant wine, windmills and tanning, dried vegetables, artificial marbles, false jewellery, and English monopolies; recipes for making ink, ice creams, cheap soups, preserved fruits, depilatories, cosmetics, and diamond cement; how to drive away mice, and how to annihilate bugs and mosquitoes; how to make capital, and how to churn butter; the profits of the fur trade, and the wealth lying in quartz-crushing; the cost of the Russian war, and the value of slaves—these are a few, taken at random, of the subjects to which Mr. Freedley draws attention, and on which he holds much pleasant talk. It can be seen how wide his range, and how varied and extensive his reading and observation, for it was no easy matter to "get up" such a store of specialities, though, of course, not much is purely original, and paste and scissors have counted for something in the making of the whole. Take this little bit about asbestos:

"1. ASBESTUS. This is a mineral of the hornblende family, remarkable for its structure, which is that of parallel fibres, like thread woven closely together, and which are so flexible that they can be picked out and woven into cloth. The finer variety, which has the lustre of white satin, is called *Amianthus*. Cloth made of these minerals is not affected by any ordinary degree of heat, and may be thrown into the fire with no other effect than cleaning it. The earliest use to which it was applied was wicks for lamps, which were bright but never consumed. Napkins have been made of it, which, when dirty, are washed by being thrown into the fire. Bugnon, a French author, mentions that persons travelling in caravans through Asia, in order to be protected from the heat, spun *Amianthus* and "made stockings, socks, and drawers" from it, which fitted closely, and over these they wore other garments. A learned bishop has intimated that the three children cast into the fiery furnace without being hurt were clothed in garments made from Asbestos."

And this bit of sound advice:

"If you wish to make a fortune in commercial speculation, study statistics, attend to great political and commercial changes, and buy such staple commodities as have fallen below their average price for a series of years."

Speeches of the Managers and Counsel on the Trial of Warren Hastings. Edited by E. A. Bond. Vol. I. (Longman & Co.)

In a happy moment the late government, at the suggestion of Sir G. C. Lewis, authorised the publication of the collected speeches delivered at the trial of Warren Hastings, whether in impeachment or in defence of that remarkable man. It appears that several reports were made at the time for the use of the solicitors of the managers for the House of Commons, from the short-hand notes of a writer from the office of Mr. Gurney. Not one of these sets, however, is quite complete,

and thus a formidable difficulty at the outset opposed itself to the reproduction in their integrity of some of the noblest efforts of English oratory. Fortunately the case was not altogether desperate. Baffled in every attempt to procure an accurate copy of the shorthand report, Mr. Bond at length bethought him of applying to the descendants of Mr. Gurney himself, when he discovered, to his unbounded satisfaction, that the original stenographic notes were still in preservation. Through the courtesy of Mr. Joseph Gurney these precious symbols were transcribed into the ordinary character, and now for the first time the British public are enabled to form a correct judgment of the eloquence of those times from "the unaltered report of the words and ideas as they flowed" from the teeming imagination of the highly-gifted accusers of the former Governor of India. In Mr. Burke's case this circumstance is the more important, because from a comparison of the shorthand report with that orator's speech, as corrected by himself for publication, it appears that he not only revised the language, but remodelled his oration. "Many passages," continues Mr. Bond, "in some instances containing charges of crimination, are suppressed, and new arguments and illustrations are freely introduced." And yet, upon the whole, whatever advantage may have been gained by the condensation of argument, is more than counter-balanced by the pruning of that exuberance of fancy and fiery flow of words which fascinated the most fastidious and least impulsive audience in the world, and roused even a Lord Chancellor to enthusiasm.

It would far exceed any limits at our disposal to pass in review these brilliant illustrations of English oratory, or to investigate afresh the terrible charges alleged with such appalling eloquence against the founder of our Indian empire. Besides, no additional light is here thrown upon the real merits of the question, though, from an historical point of view, it is impossible to over-rate the value of the present publication. This first volume contains Mr. Burke's opening speech, which occupied four days in its delivery, and his subsequent observations on the 11th April, together with the speeches of Fox, Grey, Anstruther, Adam, Pelham, and Sheridan. Nor may we wish to pass unnoticed the very lucid and concise introductory narrative of the events in Warren Hastings' administration, which furnished the grounds for his impeachment. In one or two points, perhaps, we may be disposed to differ from the compiler of this useful sketch, but they are not matters of essential importance. For instance, it is said that the outer enclosure of the Begum's palace at Fyzabad was carried by storm, whereas, on the advance of the British sepoys, the princes' troops at once retreated into the palace itself. It is also asserted that the Begum's confidential advisers were actually subjected to torture, and there is no doubt that the British Resident assented to its application. But, as Mr. Thornton observes, "there is no proof that the (Nawab's) order was ever acted upon, and as the prisoners do not appear to have complained of any severities exceeding those they had previously suffered, the presumption is, that imprisonment, fetters, and deprivation of food, constituted the sum of their sufferings." The following statement, however, is altogether unfair in its implication. "A present of ten lacs of rupees,

100,000L., was offered him (Warren Hastings) by the Nazir, and accepted. It was given, however, in bills on a native banker; and these it was not possible to negotiate at the time. Mr. Hastings made no concealment of his acceptance of the gift, and appears to have eventually applied it to the Company's service, having, it is true, asked, and been refused their permission to retain it to himself, as a reward for his services." Now, the facts of the case are simply these: a part of the sum was paid in cash, and part in bills that were not negotiated until some time afterwards; four months after the acceptance of this money and paper, Hastings advised the Court of Directors of the transaction, and remarked, with astounding coolness: "If you shall adjudge the deposit to me, I shall consider it the most honourable approbation and reward of my labours." The assurance of such a request in the same letter in which he complains of the emptiness of the public treasury is perhaps unparalleled; but there is not the slightest excuse for the doubt expressed by Mr. Bond in the words above quoted and italicised. It may be, indeed, that he used the words "appear" and "seem" as redundant and unmeaning expressions; for, in speaking of Hastings' conduct towards Chuyt Sing, he says that he "seems to have felt a personal resentment," &c. Of this fact there cannot be the shadow of a doubt; for in Hastings' own Narrative, printed in the "Minutes of Evidence" on his trial, he accuses the Rajah of having conspired with Francis to wrest from him his authority. These, however, are but trifling defects, and can hardly be said to detract from the value of this important contribution to the historical, political, and oratorical literature of our country.

POETS OF A DAY.

Mr. William J. Notley has ushered into the world *Francesca, and other Poems* (Saunders & Otley), with a courage which might almost be called temerity, were it not for the *insouciance* he displays as to the reception the progeny of his muse may meet with. He is determined not to be "snuff'd out by an article." He is not "sensitive enough," he says, "to be killed off by one critique," which rescues him from all danger, as his book will never be deemed worthy of a second. Not that we would deny to his rhymes the merit of correctness; the cadences are evenly balanced, and the mechanism of versification has been duly studied; but we look in vain for a thought that will live, a line or a couplet that will haunt the memory, like a beautiful melody, until it becomes as familiar to the ear as household words. Mr. Notley's volume only contains some ninety pages, but there is no reason why it should not have contained nine hundred. The author of "Francesca" could evidently reel out smooth, monotonous rhymes "for ever and for ever," admirably adapted for albums, birthday odes, or the columns of certain magazines. "Francesca" is the heroine of a tale of love, not at all novel in construction or dramatic in development. Francesca loves Theodore

With a passion so intense
That feeling, thought, imagination, sense,
Were all absorbed—

with a love which beneath our "chill and cloudy sky" it is impossible for us to feel, as Byron, we fancy, had told us some years ago. Theodore, however, will not love Francesca, but with a very correct taste, loves her sister, who, of course, is "cold and passionless." The hot-blooded Italian lady thereupon goes mad, and chancing one day to see Theodore and his passionless lady-love "roving together through the silent meads," procures a dagger

An ancient relic of her father's race—
and, but,

Enough to know

She died, and hers the hand that dealt the blow.

After which sanguinary deed, Francesca becomes a minstrel-maiden, and roams o'er many lands. The second poem of any length is a political and religious satire, "The Dream," in which John Bright and Mr. Disraeli suffer the heaviest blows. The volume is made up with a score or so of miscellaneous songs, in which, if there is nothing to praise, there is little to condemn.

Spell-Bound; A Tale of Macclesfield Forest, by Redgirdle (Longman & Co.), is "an attempt"—we cannot honestly call it a successful one—"to combine some of the peculiar legends and interesting localities of Cheshire with some of the agents and incidents of the Civil War." Redgirdle writes with fatal facility the octo-syllabic metre which Sir Walter Scott first rendered popular, but his images are borrowed from the stock-upholstery peculiar to mediocre poets. The characters introduced are of the ancient type—the noble lover, the sorrowing maiden, the villain with "hair matted, black and long," as we have met them before in a hundred volumes, and as, alas! while this *cacœthes scribendi* prevails, we shall meet them in a hundred more. Line upon line, page upon page, are old friends, somewhat disguised, it is true, but still easily recognisable by the experienced reader. Not that Redgirdle is necessarily a plagiarist. He simply takes up a stock subject, groups around it traditional characters *mutato nomine*, and deals out the stereotyped passages of description and dialogue. For instance, a sunset, a sibyl's cell, a battle, a quarrel, a lady's captivity, come before us in their turn as regularly and mechanically as possible, and we are reminded here of "Marmion," there of "Rokeby," at one place of "The Corsair," in another of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." For anything like originality of thought, pictorial power, suggestive imagery, or even local colouring, the reader of "Spell-Bound" will look in vain.

Rival Rhymes, by Ben Trovato (Routledge), are purely *pièces d'occasion*, and have already served their purpose, if they had any. Our readers will easily understand that they were suggested by the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, which, however, they by no means approach in humour. They are parodies, good, bad, and indifferent, of the styles of our popular poets, who are supposed to have contributed verses "in honour of Burns," on a recent memorable occasion. That on "the Proverbial Philosopher" is a mistake, for it may justly be said of that great poet,

None but himself can be his parody,

and to burlesque that which is in itself a burlesque is as futile as to gild refined gold. The "Letter to the Directors of the Crystal Palace, by W. M. T***k***y," is exceedingly poor.

For *Gemma of the Isles, a Lyrical Drama*, and other Poems (Saunders & Otley), the world is indebted to A. & L., authors of "War-Lyrics," but, we fear, will forget to be grateful. "Gemma of the Isles" is a dramatic poem by L., introducing among its characters no less distinguished personages than a Duchess of the Grecian Archipelago, a Danish Earl, a Queen of the Mermaids, a son of a Doge of Venice, his mother, a Dogarressa of Venice, a Knight of St. John, &c., &c. Here be goodly company, my masters! And they talk in language worthy of their illustrious positions, and do deeds which Danes and Duchesses for aught we know may be privileged to do. Of a truth, L. writes sounding verse! One at first is almost inclined to believe one is reading something grand and noble, the lines rush out upon one with such force and audacity! Think of whole pages of verse like this:

Up! spread thy sails, bring back some queen to me,
For whom I'll tune a jubilee of waters,
And crown her with the phospher of the sea!

Again:

Through the narrow door,
Gliding in secure,
Down the southern gallery sublime,
Where, in sky-framed row,
God hung long ago
Master-pictures on the walls of time!

And once more :

Venice all alone
On her floating throne,
Like a moribund life of the Nile,
From her Adrian palace
Watching her gay galleys
Fly to the world's end, like lovers for a smile !

We cannot object to "Gemma of the Isles" that its language is tame, and that its imagery is old, but we do not admire the novelties which meet us on every page. "The mounded gloom of foliage," "silence falling by fits upon the perfumed hour," "her wide eyes all one astonished flash," &c. &c., are, we dare say, very fine, but, to our taste, excessively meaningless. As for the story, there is none to tell: it is a series of improbable and extravagant scenes, which it is impossible to describe, and the thread of which the reader cannot by any exertion of memory retain. The minor poems, by A., are of far superior merit, though disfigured by the same extravagance of language. Newness of imagery and freshness of thought are very desirable, but A. too often only succeeds in piling up redundancies and improbabilities, which are neither beautiful nor appropriate.

There are both quaintness and pathos in the following trifle :

CHANGES.

I have loved you : brain and heart
I gave up to be
Servants to your will, your art,—
What was that to thee?
Still I loved you : heart and brain
Now droop utterly,
Sick of struggles made in vain—
What is that to thee?
You have scorned me : now you say
That 'tis sad to see
One so changed, so worn and gray—
What is that to me?

Angelina and other Poems (Hardwicke), is "the first offering to literature" of a Carthusian. If he takes the advice of his critics, instead of the panegyrics of his friends, it will be his last. *Nec Diu, ne columba* will admit him to be a poet.

In *Frauds and Follies in Picture Dealing*, a poem, by George William Novice, Artist (Hall, Virtue, & Co), there is much that is sensible, and nothing that is poetical. Mr. Novice would have done better if he had not broken up his intelligible prose into unintelligible stanzas. His prose would have been read, and done perhaps some service; his poetry will not be read, and is therefore thrown away upon an ungrateful public. Can anything be more absurdly prosaic than this?

Old copies in the diff'rent schools
Are by the dealer cheaply bought,
To decorate the walls of fools;
Who think they've gained what they sought—
The rarest master-pieces of old art,
Which will to connoisseurs delight impart.
Many are in a doubtful state
From cleaning, accident, decay;
And some reviving hand await
Their hidden beauties to display:
Restorers readily those points repaint,
That are completely gone or very faint.

We wish, then, some one would do so with Mr. Novice's verses, which sadly lack "colour," and, indeed, are decidedly of "a neutral tint." The "bloom" appears to us "completely gone," and we can only hope that Mr. Novice will take our counsel in good part, withdraw his poetical satire, and favour the picture-buying world with his hints and suggestions, which are really excellent, in plain, sensible prose. At present, the picture-restorers decidedly have the best of it.

We should like to know Mr. Edward Smith. We do not doubt that he is a respectable British subject, shrewd enough in his every-day dealings, and we are sure of it, a man of excellent sympathies and not uncultivated mind. Yet we should like to know him, and to ascertain the peculiar "flaw" which has induced him to put before the public in his *Reliquia* (Saunders & Otley), verse that a school-boy would almost be ashamed to own. We are accustomed to wade through verse, poor, ridiculous, trivial, and even offensive, but we are lost in amazement at the folly which could print and publish the "Reliquia." We will leave before our readers an unutilized poem, and leave them to pronounce

on Mr. Edward Smith such sentence as seemeth just :

THR ANGEL LOVER.

Isabel, canst thou love well :
Canst thou love me?
I have a home, a mansion white,
But 'tis far, far away;
Yet if we start for it at night,
'Tis reached ere break of day.
Isabel, if soft eyes tell,
Thou dost love me;
And I have ask'd thy father proud
To let thee wed with me;
But, oh, he cries in wrath aloud—
No, curate, not with thee!
O Isabel, who lov'st me well,
What wilt thou do?
Wilt thou thyself to me unite
In secret, and away?
If we for home start this bright night,
'Tis reached ere break of day.
Dear Isabel, thou dost say well!
Thou dost love me.
Now know that I'm thy guardian saint,
Sent down from heav'n for thee.
Arise from out thy beauteous corpse—
Away, away with me.

We claim Mr. Smith's thanks. For one of his effusions we have secured him readers.

The last on our list, and the best on our list, is Mr. Henry Spicer's tragedy, *White-Hands; a Legend of German Chivalry* (Bosworth & Harrison), originally designed for the stage by its author, who does not lack stage experience, and has already earned something of a dramatic reputation. If "White-Hands" had been heightened up into a melodrama, or burlesqued into an extravaganza, or rendered a vehicle for spectacular effects, it might probably have found a stage; but we have long ago got rid of the legitimate drama, and its unfortunate devotees have now no local habitation. "White-Hands" has a revolting story, not adapted we think to catch at any time the favour of an English audience; but it is well-constructed, well-written, and contains several undeniably effective scenes. We quote a passage or two as samples of the excellent stuff of which it is composed :

Heaven wastes no wonder

On singular revenges; nor will nature
Unbind the general sheaf of her vast laws
For one soul's chastisement. By simple means,
Truth wins allegiance, makes its foes its prophets;
And wrong and treachery scatter round their path
The light that must betray them.

This breast is void, girl; 'tis a ruined temple,
Whose central arch hath crumbled quite away;
In its unsacred courts bad things abide;
For silent ecstasy and chastening prayer,
Wild winds go wrestling through, or linger, cursing
In hoarse and horrid tongues. A blood-soiled heap
The night-wolf snuffs, and spurns; it might have
reared
Majestic battlements—unscaled—serene,
When fall the very stars.

War provides

A lineage of its own. Couriers of death,
Alike we share his grandeur—round his throne
Stand equal—slave and king. The helot, in arms,
Moves on the crimsoned field with foot and crest
As statelily as an Emperor's—for, in a breath,
The dust, that men divide, may mix again—
Perhaps next Heaven the slave's! Say not to me
A brave man lacks nobility!

If these are not very original thoughts, at least they are clothed in masculine language, and altogether "White-Hands" we take to be a play that may be read with pleasure.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Sanitary Reform of the British Army. By φιλοστρατιωτης. (Hatchard & Son.) Philostratotes—whose statements we condense—has for years been disgusted at the ill-health and inefficiency of the army. He is heartily ashamed of himself for having stood aloof, thus leaving the remedying this monster evil to the care of the proper department. His inaction was prompted by a hope for the coming of "some modern Howard." A reasonable expectation, doomed to disappointment. The Army Sanitary Commission, indeed, did a little, and its revelations were astounding to those who were not, like the author, familiar with the subject. Roused at length to a sense of his duty, he inquired of the military authorities, and caused inquiries to be made in

both Houses of Parliament, "whether anything was about to be done to remedy this lamentable condition of our army?" Alas! "no satisfactory answer could be obtained." Letters to the Horse Guards and the War Office failed in moving those departments. Acting on the advice of his friends, the author was about to recur to extreme measures, and to publish his letter to the Commander-in-Chief. But fate willed that this document should be lost to the world. The Horse Guards had mislaid it, and the author had neglected to keep a copy. Stung by his conscience for his neglect of duty, and his blind reliance upon the army medical authorities, Philostratotes had no alternative but to write a pamphlet, in which he reiterates and indorses all the suggestions of the Sanitary Commission. Amiable and well-disposed, he gives the sanitary reformers all it is in his power to bestow: his vote and his wishes, delivered with a touching pomposity of manner, and a keen appreciation of the value of the gift. His pamphlet does no harm to the cause it champions, and it leaves the argument exactly where the author found it.

Lectures to Young Men. (Nisbet & Co.) Without making much noise, the Young Men's Christian Association has, by the singlemindedness of its purpose and its exemplary perseverance, attained an extraordinary development. Its object is to unite and direct the efforts of young men for the spiritual welfare of their fellows in the various departments of commercial life; and for this purpose branches have been established in different parts of London, while others are in progress in various places in the country. One of its means of usefulness consists in the delivery of an annual series of lectures, of which the present volume is the twelfth. Each successive issue, we are told, has been received with favour, and arrangements are made for the circulation of the whole in Australia and among the Anglo-Saxon population of America. Where the process of expansion thus commenced will stop it is difficult to say, but we wish it all success. The volume contains lectures by the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Goulburn, Dr. McCulloch, Mr. Stowell, Dr. Cumming, and several others. There is in them a most harmonious blending of secular and religious topics, some of which are treated with great power, and all in a spirit of practical piety.

Popular Tales from the Norse. By G. W. Dasent, D.C.L. Second Edition. (Edmonston & Douglas.) In a former number we took occasion to express a favourable opinion of these Tales. That a second edition should have been so soon called for is a proof that they are acceptable to the public. In this edition thirteen new tales are added, and the Introduction, which is a disquisition upon popular tales in general, of considerable interest and research, has been elaborated into an exhaustive essay. The new tales are the *Avanzi Stories* of the negroes in the West Indies, taken from the mouth of an African nurse. They present many marks of affinity with the popular tales of other races; but it is stated the occasions on which they were generally told are fast passing away, and with them the stories also. Their preservation, therefore, is a service to literature, especially as there are points about them that may possibly be further elucidated by curious correspondents to *Notes and Queries*.

Life of Sir William Wallace; or, Scotland Five Hundred Years Ago. (Glasgow: Murray & Son.) A popular narrative, comprising in the true spirit of hero worship, all the known events in the life of the great Scottish patriot. It is a book in which boys will and men may take delight, for it is full of action and adventure. Appended to it is a list of works illustrative of the Life and Acts of Wallace, from Henry the Minstrel's Poem (the manuscript of which, dated 1488, is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh), down to this very readable compilation. This list possesses literary interest, as we believe it to be the fullest that has yet appeared.

Young Ladyism. By Democritus Machiavel Brown, Esq. (James Blackwood.) With large pretensions to humour, there is only ill-temper in

this feeble imitation of Swift. "D. M. Brown, Esq.," writes like a thrice-rejected lover; his cynicism sees nothing to approve in the education, accomplishments, dress, or deportment, of the young ladies of the present day; in fact everything that is, is wrong. In telling this, we naturally expected to find some grains of wheat in the shape of wit, but there was nothing but husks.

Annual of Scientific Discovery: a Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1859. Edited by D. A. Wells, A.M. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co.) An American compilation, upon much the same plan, but more bulky, as Mr. Timbs' "Year-Book." It is very full and complete; and it is distinguished by the addition of a list of works on science published during the year 1858 in the United States. This list comprises only fifty-one articles, a much more moderate number than we were prepared to expect from so progressive a country as the United States, and even some of those are new editions or reprints.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In consequence of the growing desire for public drinking fountains, Mr. Thomas Milnes, the eminent sculptor, at the desire of some of his friends, has made a tour through Paris, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and other cities of the continent, for the especial purpose of studying the fountains in their sculptural and architectural character, and has brought back a large collection of sketches. He is now engaged at his studio, 40, Euston Road, in producing models for some of the fountains projected.

The second volume of *Things not generally Known familiarly Explained*, by John Timbs, F.S.A., will be ready by the middle of next month (May). The first volume of this popular work has attained a sale of 23,000 copies.

We copy the following curious paragraph from the Cologne Correspondent of the *Continental Review*.—"We may now again afford to smile at the singular prophecy of that Westphalian shepherd who lived some hundred or hundred and fifty years ago, and who predicted a terrible European war, in the course of which 'the Turks would cool the feet of their horses in the waters of the Rhine.' These things—thus runs the tradition—were to come to pass when carriages run without horses, and the Prussian soldiers were dressed like the soldiers who crucified Christ. Carriages do run without horses, and the silhouette of a Prussian in his tunic and helmet is in all respects that of a Roman legionary. But the superstitious who speculated on this singular prophecy could never reconcile with it the decline of Turkish power and the manifest improbability of the Sultan's troops carrying the standard of the Prophet to the banks of the Rhine. They forget that France has Algerine regiments of Spahis and Zouaves, and that many of them are as good Moslems as ever walked in the streets of Stambul."

An effort, inaugurated by Lord Howth, is about being made to erect, in Dublin, some suitable memorial to the memory of the late Sir Philip Crampton.

The Russian government has ordered a sculptor named Pimenoff to execute statues of Admirals Pazaroff, Kornikoff, Nachimoff, and Istomina, killed at the siege of Sebastopol. The statues are to be placed in that town.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge has appointed Professor Owen, F.R.S., to the office of Sir Robert Reade's Lecturer for the year ensuing. Professor Owen will deliver a lecture in the Senate House on the "Classification and Geographical Distribution of the Mammalia," early in the Easter term.

On Saturday last the first stone was laid of a new church at Bemerton, near Salisbury—a spot sacred in the eyes of the lovers of church poetry. The little church in which the author of the "Temple" so worthily administered, the admirers of the poet will be glad to know, will be most religiously preserved, the new church being built alongside of it. Considering how strong a

personal interest has always been felt in George Herbert, it is somewhat remarkable that no monument has ever been raised to his memory; he lies still, as when Isaac Walton wrote his life, "under the altar, covered with a gravestone without any inscription." The new church—towards which the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, the Hon. Sydney Herbert, and the rector of Bemerton, are the largest contributors—is intended to be "a monument to the memory of so good a man," and to supply the pressing need for a larger church. The building is pretty well provided for; but the rector asks for assistance from Herbert's admirers towards obtaining becoming church furniture. Mr. Wyatt is the architect of the new building.

The Royal Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects was last week presented to Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., the distinguished Gothic architect. The silver medal was at the same time awarded to the veteran architect and author, George Wightwick, of Plymouth, for an "Essay on the Architecture and Genius of Sir Christopher Wren."

For the Sunderland monument to Sir Henry Havelock the committee have decided, by a majority of thirteen to nine, in favour of a design by Mr. Behnes over one by Mr. Noble. The statue would seem, from the official description, not to be marked by any novelty of design.

The colossal statue, by Mr. Noble, of the late Earl of Anglesey, which is about to be placed on the summit of a column by the Menai Straits, is on view at the sculptor's studio in Bruton Street.

There is now on sale at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, the third portion of the very extensive collection of engravings formed by the late Mr. T. A. Shaw. The most interesting portion yet to be sold are the historical portraits, of which a very large number of lots are set down for sale to-day (Saturday) and on Monday; and above 150 lots (of from one to twenty prints each) on Tuesday.

The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society of London have presented the Rev. Dr. James Booth, F.R.S., to the living of Stone, near Aylesbury, Bucks.

The news in this country of the death of M. de Tocqueville has been received with regret in this country on private and personal, as well as on literary grounds. In our higher politico-literary circles, M. de Tocqueville had many friends, who esteemed the man as much as they admired the writer. By the reading and studious public, M. de Tocqueville was valued not merely as the author of "Democracy in America," which, many years ago first established his claims to a high political, philosophical, and literary reputation; the *coup d'état* restored him to literature, and his vivid and original work, "L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution," published in 1856, has, in an English translation, been widely perused and appreciated among ourselves. Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de Tocqueville was born at Vermeuil, in the department of Seine et Oise, towards the commencement of the present century. He was not without ancestral distinction, of which even a philosopher might be proud. On the mother's side he was the great grandson of the wise and virtuous Mallesherbes. Educated for the bar, he was appointed, in 1826, Juge d'Instruction at Versailles, where he had for colleague his future fellow-worker, M. Gustave de Beaumont, author of the well-known work on Ireland. The abilities and tendencies of the two colleagues marked them out for employment under the monarchy of July, and in 1830, MM. de Tocqueville and de Beaumont were sent to the United States to study the penitentiary system of our Transatlantic cousins. One of the results of this mission was their joint-work, published on their return, "Système Penitentiaire aux Etats Unis." Another and much more celebrated, however, was the famous "Democratie en Amérique," of M. de Tocqueville solely, which Roger Collard called "a continuation of Montesquieu," and which has not only gone through numerous editions in France, but been translated into most of

the languages of Europe. Quitting the judicial career, he entered the Chamber of Deputies, where he sat from 1839 to 1848 a leading member of the Centre-Gauche, which recognised M. Odillon Barrot as its chief. M. de Tocqueville's parliamentary activity was mainly conspicuous in the department of useful social reform, but he lent occasional and valuable aid to the discussion of purely political questions. His general support of M. Guizot did not prevent him from attacking the political and electoral corruption which marked the later years of Louis Philippe's reign. In the January of 1848 he is known to have predicted the coming convulsion by the exclamation, "A great revolution is at hand." After the revolution of 1848 he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and distinguished himself as a powerful assailant of Socialistic fallacies. General Cavaignac sent him to Brussels to represent France at the fruitless conferences which were convoked to regulate the affairs of Italy. From Cavaignac's successor, the Prince President, now Emperor of the French, M. de Tocqueville received the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the June of 1849. He resigned office at the promulgation of the unconstitutional message of the 30th of October following, and ever afterwards firmly opposed the policy of the Prince President. M. de Tocqueville was one of the deputies who assembled on the 2nd of December, 1851, at the Marie of the 10th arrondissement to protest against the *coup d'état*. Incarcerated with his leading liberal colleagues, after that event, he was soon released, and retired into private life. Much in the way of contribution to the philosophical history of his country was expected from him, and the work from his pen, formerly mentioned as having been published by him in 1856, was but an instalment, it is understood, of the results of his more recent literary aspirations and researches. M. de Tocqueville had been assigned, in 1836, the Monthyon prize for his work on American democracy, and in 1841, he received the highest literary honour which France can bestow, in being elected a member of the French Academy.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 6th April.

ONE of the most amusing things that have taken place for some time, is a trial at one of the minor courts of this town, brought by a Russian lady against a dressmaker. The latter had undertaken to furnish for the two daughters of the former two costumes of flower-girls, of the time of Louis XV. The costumes of the *bouquetières* were forthcoming, and to all appearance very pretty; but when put on the persons destined to wear them, it was found they could not be worn. *Inde ira*, and conceivable enough, too. But why could they not be worn? An anecdote *apropos* to this occurs to me: About two years back, at a concert at the Tuileries, three or four ladies were trying to push their way into the *Salle des Maréchaux*, and one of the obstacles to their advance was the Archbishop of Rheims, Cardinal Goupet, in all the glory of his flaming purple robes. Spite of the inconvenience occasioned to a Prince of Holy Church, the daughters of Eve pushed and pushed, and the Cardinal was sore beset, when one lady thought it would be but right to volunteer something in the shape of an apology, and accordingly: "Ah! Monseigneur!" exclaimed she, in the prettiest way imaginable, "it is dreadful to see the way in which we are squeezing you; but it is not our fault, our petticoats are so voluminous just now, that—" The Cardinal interrupted her—"That something more might be spared from them to make the bodies of the gowns," he observed, with a glance of good-natured reproach at the crowd of uncovered shoulders around him.

Now, this taking from the skirt to add to the *corsage* is precisely what the mantua-maker, whose trial I mentioned, has failed to practice, and Madame la Baronne de K. peremptorily refused to accept or pay for dresses which, had her daughters worn, would have given them the

air of fashionable young ladies of the period of the Olympic games. The amusing part of the affair has been the result of the pleading of young Chaix d'Estance, who had to prove wherefore and from what particular circumstance the gowns were not wearable. The purpose of dresses being to dress (i.e. to clothe or cover), these manifestly betrayed their end and aim, inasmuch as that, instead of dressing, they rather undressed. "A corsage of the kind—fabricated by Mademoiselle Baron," said Gustave Chaix d'Estance "is a guilty object, to which you cannot apply that precept of Christian charity, which says that the lower the guilty fall, the more you shall pity and forgive." But another element of ridicule lies in the certificates brought against these luckless bodies; there are attestations of every colour of the rainbow—blue, green, red, pink; and, the latter, spite of its tender hue, is the hardest of all. The certificate on rose-coloured paper comes from a house of good repute, the establishment of the Zéphir, whose experts in such matters solemnly declare that gown bodies of the kind submitted to them are not "fit to be worn by the persons for whom they were made, either with regard to the age or social position of those persons." Here is a question of morality decided upon in a philosophical and psychological point of view by a house, whose business it is to attire both saints and sinners, and who may possibly be no bad judge, for the number of sinners it turns out in the year may aptly enough teach it what the saints should avoid. Anyhow, Justice says to Madame Delphine Baron, as *Petruchio* to *Catherine*:

"I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown!"

and perhaps *couturières* may learn from this that innocent young ladies are not to be decked out in garments befitting best *les dames aux camelias*.

I really do suppose that no lyrical work ever had the instantaneous success that *Pardon de Ploërmel* is achieving; it has only been given three times, and on Saturday last I read with my own eyes a letter from a music-seller in one of the chief provincial towns of France, saying: "For Heaven's sake send me down all that is published, the very instant it comes out; send me piece by piece; give me wherewith to stop the mouths of the crowd that comes all day long clamouring into my shop. When *all* is printed, send me forty complete pianoforte editions of the whole opera, forty copies of each separate morceau, and forty copies of every 'arrangement' made of every piece for no matter what instrument." Now, this I have seen and read with my own eyes, and it seems to me curious enough to be repeated. Added to this, a great authority in these sort of statistics told me, that when the first thousand copies of the complete pianoforte edition of the opera came out, the Paris publisher would not certainly keep them twelve hours in his shop, but that they would be sold off in the course of the day on which they appeared. The publishers count upon at least 3000*l.* clear profit in the year of the publication. It is said that the only example of a similarly sudden fervour on the part of the public for any publication, was shown in the case of M. Thiers' "Consulat et Empire," the first three or four volumes whereof sold at the rate of five and six thousand a day during the first week. But I fancy it is quite certain that no musical work ever written had such a run, and produced such an intense sensation at the very outset, as this new *chef d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer's. It seems you will have it at Covent Garden, with *La Bosio* as *Dinorah*, and Gardoni as *Corentin*; but I have not lighted on the sorcerer who can reveal to me where will be found the baritone *temorissant*, who is to enact *Hoël*. The dispute anent Graziani between your two operas in London, is especially disastrous for this reason: had he remained with Mr. Gye, it is self-evident that he was created, made on purpose, and sent upon earth expressly that he might sing Faure's part. Of a truth, *Mercurio*'s right, and "a plague o' both their houses!" is the only thing one has to say. If your *Hoël* be tolerably good, you will outshine Paris altogether, and the execution of

the *Pardon de Ploërmel* will be so superior on your side of the water, that all real amateurs would do well to undertake the journey the instant the work is produced, in order to give themselves the pleasure of hearing how it can be sung.

As I have more than once said, this Paris audience is an icy one; but, to be sure, when it takes a fancy, an *engouement*, a rage for no matter who or what, its violence is on a par with its want of discrimination. Utterly incapable, for instance, of judging of the merits of Tamberlik as an artist, utterly incapable of knowing what are the qualities of style and diction that transform him into the *rarissima avis* of singers; at the present time the Parisians have fastened on his *ut-diese*, and for that one note would commit any extravagances you can mention. The town of Marseilles has just offered him 8000 francs for one night's performance at the theatre, defraying at the same time all his travelling expenses to and fro, and living at the hotel! Tamberlik has been forced by circumstances to refuse; but this is the offer deliberately made him by a country town! It is true that Marseilles is enormously rich, and that the places might have been put at 40 or 50 francs each without any complaint being made.

I am sincerely rejoiced to have to chronicle another most generous and high-minded act of a great poet—of Lamartine. You may have seen by the newspapers that, about a month or six weeks ago, a certain Mdlle. Virginie Martin, of the department of the Orne, left by will a sum of about 8000*l.* to M. de Lamartine, merely premising that one or two charities she specified were to be paid out of the legacy. The testatrix had never seen M. de Lamartine, but had read his works, pitied his position, and was aware of the number of perhaps too generous acts he had himself committed. The 200,000 francs were left "to M. and Mdlle. de Lamartine." The first care, however, of the poet was to send a trustworthy emissary into the department of the Orne, to discover what relatives Mdlle. Martin had left. It was found that there existed a nephew and niece. M. de Lamartine instantly made up his mind; accepting just so much of the bequest as was to be employed for the benefit of the poor in the shape of the charities specified, he at the same moment declined profiting by the sum that would have come to Mdlle. de Lamartine and to himself, and caused it to be delivered over intact to the relations whom Mdlle. Martin had forgotten.

Now, in the same proportion that this behaviour is honourable to M. de Lamartine, is it the means of setting forth a singular moral disposition on the part of the members of French society in general. Of course the fact is much talked of and commented on; but in general, I am bound to say, the surprise expressed is so intense that you are naturally led to ask yourself whether honesty carried to an elevated point is something in France for men to gape at. One recalls to one's self Berryer's words upon Montalembert's trial, "take care lest it become a fashion to say that any praise of honesty elsewhere be a satire upon France!" Not only you find *no one* who thinks Lamartine's conduct natural, but you come across not a few who have no scruple in declaring that never was anything so absurd or idiotic ever heard of. You hear *young men*—men who, by the number of their years, ought to be free from those depressions of morality which are the result of the pressure of experience upon weakly natures—unblushingly exclaim that they would certainly *not* have behaved as has done M. de Lamartine. "Neither would they have written *Les Méditations*, which is some consolation!" said in my hearing a man of great weight and great renown here. And, as he said, it is a "consolation;" for it is well to think that all loftiness is one, and that it really is less easy for the winged spirit to grovel than the earthworms of our age may fancy. I am not seeking to defend Lamartine in a political sense, his faults or mistakes are numerous and heavy; I am merely glad to see poetry assert its rights, and prove the incompatibilities of air and earth to be as great as those of fire and water. You cannot be a bird of Paradise and a mud-fish at one and the same

time; and I simply submit that is a circumstance opportune and wholesome, excellent to meditate upon, that, in this our age (and in this country) of mean-mindedness and sordid wealth-worship, one man should be found who, standing in the sorest possible need of money, inflexibly disclaimed it twice within a very short space of time, because unable to reconcile the money's source to his conscience, and that that one man should happen to be a votary of the muses, a denizen of the ideal world—a poet.

Thereby hangs a question that may pre-occupy the sages of all time: how great thoughts march together in the same individual with small acts? But *do* they ever do so? Or, when the being born to do small deeds has manifested himself dazlingly in artistic creation, has he not rather had credit given him for what seems—instead of what really is—great? I repeat it, everybody ought to be glad at Lamartine's conduct, because it helps to prove the theory, that the thinkers of great thoughts cannot possibly be the doers of vile things.

Genoa, April 10, 1859.

It is not at all improbable that, in requiring permission for the several states of Italy to send their representatives to the approaching Congress, M. Cavour may have made the same sort of blunder certain lawyers are seen to make when they summon incompetent, or, worse again, unwilling witnesses to sustain their case. It was doubtless a great object that M. Cavour himself should have his seat at the council, and be there to urge his cause, support its clauses, and reply to all objections as they arose; but it may well be matter of doubt whether even the great benefits of his advocacy will not be too dearly purchased by the presence of that very element on which he so much relies. Is it likely, for instance, that the testimony of Modena will strengthen M. Cavour's hands? Can Parma be supposed a favourable witness? What will these two states—nominally independent, but actually mere fiefs of Austria—contribute to his case but expressions of discontent at his interference, and their perfect accordance with the practice and rule of Austria?

As for Tuscany—the part she may take is very doubtful indeed. If the court party prevail—and there is no seeing why they should not prevail—Austria will find in this country a staunch and steadfast ally. Tuscany presents the exact kind of witness the Emperor would select to support his case. No very striking or flagrant abuses can be cited against her; the administration is mild and merciful; and if restrictions do exist upon public discussion and the press, it must still be owned that they are borne without much grumbling or impatience. It is a remark of Alphonse Karr, that it is "to that interesting portion of the public that cannot read, to which the liberty of the press is so unspeakably dear;" and it may be observed, as a converse of the proposition, how submissively very cultivated communities will see themselves cut off from the discussion of all political questions. The patient acquiescence thus accorded is not unfrequently mistaken by strangers, and wrongfully ascribed to utter inaptitude for questions of grave and mighty interest.

Any one acquainted with Italian society will not fail to have discovered the vast amount of intelligence and judgment which characterise this people. With less wit—inasmuch as the richer and finer language does not offer the same opportunities for apparent similarities in the French—the Italians have a finer and more elevated sense of humour, and an infinitely deeper pathetic vein. To speak disparagingly of the mind of Italy is to speak in utter ignorance, and yet it is the stock theme of Austrian writers and journalists.

Had the press been unfettered in either country, and the questions between them been left to public discussion, there is no difficulty in saying to which side the victory would have inclined. The very discussion at this moment of any grievance between Count Buol and M. Cavour, illustrates, not inaptly, the relative merits of their several nations. On the one side, close argument, direct inference, and inevitable conclusion, all expressed in language

of lofty eloquence, or with the force and energy of a withering sarcasm. On the other, a lamentable admixture of weak complaint with weaker bluster.

The Austrian minister, too, occasionally lapses into admissions the most damnable to the cause he would uphold. Such, for instance, was his assertion that Imperial influence "outside" her Lombard frontier, was all essential to the maintenance of her rule "within it." A more infelicitous blunder could scarcely have been made, nor one which more completely condemns the whole Austrian system in Italy.

If the Congress ever assemble—and the "if" is not unreasonable—there is no necessity to go farther into the case than that single admission. The government which can only exist at home, by the exercise of an undue influence abroad, has pronounced the strongest possible reason for its own abdication.

It matters, however, very little, whether the Congress should ever meet or not. The jury may be sworn, but all their deliberations cannot end in a verdict. Austria will to the last maintain her plea of "not indebted," and Sardinia will just as persistently demand the largest "damages."

The "Italian Independence" party have agreed to see in the Austrian occupation of Lombardy the source of every ill and every grievance of the entire peninsula. When you point to Rome and Naples as more flagrant cases of misgovernment than Lombardy, their answer is, that Austrian aid and co-operation are the cause, and that the readiness of Austria to carry out any policy of repression, perpetuates the tyranny of Italian princes. The simple remedy for such an abuse is to limit Austria to her own frontiers, and to declare that beyond its bounds her sway is not to extend. Against this, Italians urge, that no precautions of treaties would accomplish this object—that Austrian influence would still be secretly at work, and all the machinery of her hidden diplomacy as active as ever. Be it so, but if her battalions and her artillery were denied admission, her protocols and protests would do but little mischief. An Austrian minister is all powerful in Florence, where the white uniforms of his master are manœuvring in the Casini; but make their presence there once impossible, and an English despatch-boat at Leghorn would outweigh all the pressure of the great Roman empire.

To demand the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy, which they own, on account of the influence they exercise throughout the Peninsula, which they do not own, is altogether unreasonable and unjust. It is to ask for a reparation largely disproportionate to the injury. If, for instance, a man were to allege that the sea-breeze, whose refreshing influences were all essential to his health, was cut off from his enjoyment by the height of his neighbour's garden wall, it might be a most legitimate ground for complaint, and perhaps a fair case for some alteration; but it would be a strange exercise of right that pronounced, not that the wall should be lowered, or some other accommodation offered, but that its owner should abdicate his possession and cede the property to the complainant.

This is precisely the case of Piedmont. "We do not assert," says she, "that the rupture of her treaties might not leave Austria comparatively innocuous in Italy, but, as a final settlement of the question, we prefer to turn her out of Lombardy and occupy it ourselves. Now, it is to be borne in mind that one-fourth, or within a fraction of one-fourth, of the whole imperial revenue is borne by Lombardy, and well might Count Buol exclaim, 'As well ask us to give up Vienna!'"

All these considerations only tend to one sole conclusion. There will be a war; and it simply is a question of time as to the when. It is not improbable there never will be a meeting of the Congress, or if there should be, the utmost of its deliberation will accomplish will be to place definitively on record the causes of a war for which if it were to break out to-day or to-morrow, no man living could assign the reason.

SCIENTIFIC.

On the Temperature of the Sea around the Coasts of Scotland during the Years 1857 and 1858; and the Bearing of these Facts on the Theory that the mild Climate of Great Britain during Winter is Dependent on the Gulf Stream. By James Stark, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. (Edinburgh: Murray & Gibbs.)

PERHAPS there are few theories of the truth of which the public in general are more strongly convinced, than that which holds that the mild climate of Great Britain during winter is owing to the mass of warm water carried into our seas by the Gulf Stream. Dr. Stark, therefore, may at least claim that amount of interest which a novel assertion always commands, when he states his opinion that this theory is completely erroneous. But he not only makes a startling assertion, but proceeds to make out a strong case in its favour. His arguments are primarily founded on a series of recent observations of the temperature of the sea around the coasts of Scotland, the result of which proves that the mean annual temperatures of the sea, air, and land, agree so closely as to justify the conclusion that they are all influenced by the same agency. The highest and lowest mean temperature of all are attained at about the same period; and the temperature of the sea varies even with trifling variations with that of the air. If the temperature of the sea depended on the Gulf Stream, it would not be affected by slight fluctuations in the temperature of the air. During a period of warm weather in December, 1857, the sea was actually colder than the air—a distinct proof that the air did not receive its heat from the sea. What, then, is the agency by which our winter climate is rendered milder than that of any other country in the same latitude? According to Dr. Stark, it is the south-west or Anti-trade-winds, which, in the winter, when the trade-winds do not extend farther north than about latitude 20°, blow over the whole heated surface of the Atlantic between 20° and 40°, and arrive at our shores without passing over any high land, by which the warm current of air is driven into the upper regions of the atmosphere, and cooled. The other countries in Europe, whose situation resembles ours in this respect, are Norway, Portugal, and the south of Spain, in all of which the winter is much milder than in any other countries in the same respective latitudes. And here we have the explanation of the known fact, irreconcilable with the Gulf Stream theory, that the winters of France are more severe than those of Britain; for the south-west winds cannot reach France till they have been cooled by passing over the Pyrenees. Similarly, they cannot reach Labrador without passing over the high land of North America, and consequently Labrador, though in the same latitude as Scotland, has a winter infinitely more severe.

Having thus stated his hypothesis, Dr. Stark proceeds to examine the generally received opinions as to the Gulf Stream on other grounds, taking, as the embodiment of those opinions, Lieutenant Maury's popular work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea." He denies Lieutenant Maury's statement that the direction of all ocean currents is determined by the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis, by which all currents from the equator to the poles have an eastward tendency, and all from the poles to the equator a westward. If this were so, how is it that the Gulf Stream, on issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, does not at once flow eastward, and, passing south of Bermuda, make straight for Africa, instead of, as it really does, doubling round the peninsula of Florida in a north-westerly direction, following the curved line of coast of Georgia and the Carolinas, and passing far to the north and quite clear of Bermuda? And how is it that the great Arctic current from the North Pole to the equator flows in a south-easterly direction? According to Lieutenant Maury, the

waters of the Arctic current being colder, and therefore denser, than those of the Gulf Stream, sink down when they meet the latter, and allow the warmer and lighter waters to flow over them. But the waters of the Gulf Stream, owing to the great evaporation from their surface, are much saltier than those of the Northern Atlantic, while the waters of the Arctic current, fed by the melting of icebergs, are, on the contrary, fresher; and the increase of density caused by the larger amount of solid matter held in solution far more than compensates for the diminution of density caused by higher temperature, so that the warm salt water of the Gulf Stream is in fact heavier than the cold but comparatively fresh water of the Arctic current.

Dr. Stark finally states his own views respecting the Atlantic currents. The Gulf Stream, on issuing from the Gulf of Mexico in an easterly direction, meets the more powerful equatorial current, and is by it forced round the peninsula of Florida, after which the configuration of the coast of North America gives it anew an easterly direction till it reaches the Great Bank of Newfoundland. Here it encounters the vastly larger Arctic current, by far the greater portion of which passes to the east of the Great Bank, on which its icebergs ground, and meets the Gulf Stream near the southern margin of the Bank. The two currents obey the law which regulates the course of currents meeting in opposite directions, and take a mean course, proportioned to their respective velocities and breadths. The Gulf Stream is gradually deflected to the south-east and south, and is finally lost in the Sargasso sea, that immense bed of sea-weed which occupies the middle of the Atlantic. The Arctic current is also turned more to the east, and crosses the Atlantic, its northern limit following pretty closely the southern edge of the telegraphic plateau between Newfoundland and Ireland. As it nears the coast of Europe it spreads out. Part of it enters the Bay of Biscay, flows along the coast of France in the current known as Renel's Current, passes along both sides of Ireland, and on to Norway; part enters the Mediterranean, thus accounting for the cold current which, according to the observations of Admiral Smyth and Lord Giffard, flows eastward through the Straits of Gibraltar; and the part which meets the coast of Africa is deflected southwards, partly joining the equatorial current, and partly following the African coast as the Guinea current. When the Arctic current meets the Gulf Stream there is only a few degrees' difference in their temperature, except in the spring when icebergs are most numerous; and as it crosses the Atlantic it is constantly taking up heat till, when it reaches our shores, it has acquired the normal temperature of the latitude. The following facts tend to show that it is the Arctic current, and not the Gulf Stream which crosses the Atlantic and visits our shores. The water on our western shores is fresher and lighter in summer and autumn than in winter; a fact easily accounted for on Dr. Stark's theory by the summer melting of icebergs; while, if the Gulf Stream theory were correct, since the volume of the Gulf Stream increases in summer, we should expect an increased volume of dense and salt water to be thrown on our coasts. The volcanic dust found mixed with shells on the telegraphic plateau could not have come with the Gulf Stream, but might have been brought by the Arctic current from the coast of Iceland. Ships sailing from England to America only meet the Gulf Stream if they pass to the south of the Bank of Newfoundland. A curved line drawn from Cape Hatteras in America to Madeira, and touching the southern end of the Great Bank, separates the spermaceti whale, which lives in warm water, from the whalebone whale, which is only found in cold—a fact which tends to the conclusion that this line represents the northern boundary of the Gulf Stream. The evidence of Commander Becher's bottle-chart is opposed to the Gulf Stream theory, in the majority of cases, especially in one in which a bottle, thrown from the Hecla, in Davis' Straits, lat. 53° 13', drifted to the shore of Teneriffe. The West-Indian seeds and pieces of wreck which

* Dr. Stark says 15° or 20°; but the northern limit of the trade-winds is never nearer the equator than between 22° and 23° N.

reach the West coast of Ireland, are carried by the south-west wind from the Gulf Stream into the Arctic current. The same explanation is given of the appearance of the surface currents of hot water which were observed by Franklin in the Bay of Biscay, and by General Sabine off the Straits of Gibraltar. Finally, Dr. Stark observes that the principle laid down by Lieut. Maury, that the currents from the tropical seas must return to the polar and other seas as much water as the polar and other currents bring to them, on which principle most of the fallacies respecting currents rest, is quite a mistake: since all the water thus brought into the tropical seas does no more than supply the loss by evaporation in the equatorial regions.

The question at issue is one of such general interest, that we have stated Dr. Stark's case at greater length than we had intended. His conclusions, it will be observed, are simply that the Gulf Stream does not approach within thousands of miles of our coasts; and that, as regards our winter climate, it is not the sea which warms the air, but the air that warms the sea, both immediately and through the medium of the land. His arguments, though not all of equal force, possess collectively very considerable cogency: and none, we think, will deny that he has succeeded, if not in deciding, at least in completely reopening the question of the influence of the Gulf Stream on our climate.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- Tues.** Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. "Description of the Entrance and Entrance Lock of the Victoria (London) Docks; with a detailed account of the Wrought Iron Gates and Caisson, and remarks upon the forms adopted in their construction." By W. J. Kingsbury, Assoc. Inst. C. E.
- Statistical Society, 8 P.M. Mr. Dawson, "On a Method of Relieving the Density of Town Populations."
- Architectural Exhibition, 8 P.M. Mr. Kerr, "On the Works of Michael Angelo."
- Chronological Institute, 8 P.M.
- Wed.** Geological Society, 8 P.M. Professor Owen, "On some Reptilian Remains from South Africa." Mr. Hall, "On the South-easterly Thinning-out of the Lower Secondary Rocks of England."
- Survey Archaeological Society, 7.30 P.M. William Henry Hart, Esq., F.S.A., "Notices of the Manor and Royal Residence of Kennington." W. H. Black, Esq., F.S.A., Hon. Member, "Notes on the Parishes of Battersea and Penge." Thomas W. King, Esq., F.S.A., York Herald, Hon. Member, and John Wickham Flower, Esq., "Remarks on a Deed of Sir Edward and Lady Barker, contained in the Monument of Whitgift's Hospital, Croydon" (which will be exhibited). John Wickham Flower, Esq., "A Notice of a Diary of Archbishop Laud," (which will be exhibited).
- Thurs.** Chemical Society, 8 P.M. Dr. Roscoe, "On the Absorption of Chlorhydric Acid and Ammonia by Water." Dr. Debus, "On Polyatomic Alcohols."
- Linnean Society, 8 P.M. Dr. Griffith, "On Gnecaceae." Dr. Loemann, "Synopsis of Camellia and Thea."
- Sat.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. J. P. Lacaita, Esq., "On the Literature of Italy."
- Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 6 P.M. Forty-fourth Anniversary. Dinner at Freemasons' Hall.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, April 16th. W. Fothergill Cooke, Esq., in the Chair. The paper read was "Professor Hughes's System of Type-printing Telegraphs and Methods of Insulation, with special reference to Submarine Cables," by Mr. S. Hythe. The author, after calling attention to the great importance of perfect insulation, said that, although gutta-percha had been found to be the best insulating medium for long submarine lines, yet this substance was most objectionable. Minute flaws might exist which did not show themselves until some time after the immersion of a cable. To meet these defects, to fill up any minute pores in the gutta-percha, and also to cure any accidental fracture or puncture of it, Professor Hughes introduced a viscid semi-fluid substance, of a non-conducting character, between the conducting wire and the gutta-percha, or the wire might first be coated with gutta-percha, and the viscid fluid introduced between the layers gutta-percha. As soon as a puncture was made in the gutta-percha coating,

this fluid oozed out, which was of such a nature that it hardened when it came in contact with the surrounding water. This hardening property allowed no more of the fluid to ooze out than was necessary to fill the puncture, and at the same time to glue and unite the separate parts of the gutta-percha. The author then proceeded to speak of the various telegraphic instruments used, referring especially to the writing instrument of Moris and Housa, and explained the type-printing instrument of Professor Hughes, which is worked by means of twenty-eight keys, arranged like those of a pianoforte. These keys correspond with twenty-eight holes arranged in a circle on the table of the instrument. Each key is connected by a lever with a little steel knob, which, when the key is pressed down by the finger, rises up through one of the holes. An arm driven by clockwork, connected with a vertical shaft, sweeps over the whole twenty-eight holes. When a key marked with a particular letter is touched, the knob corresponding with this letter rises, the revolving arm passes over it, and for the instant closes the circuit, and allows an electrical impulse to be transmitted. This impulse causes the particular letter to be recorded on a slip of paper in printer's ink, by means of a type wheel connected with the machine which lifts the press and the paper upon which the message is to be printed against it. The time of the locking of the shaft depends upon the arrival of the electrical wire, and then with two instruments in perfect harmony, the operator has the printing apparatus of the distant instrument as completely under his direction as the one before him. The instruments at each end of the line are adjusted by means of spring pendulums to work synchronously; but in order to correct any minute variation in time between the instruments in circuit, there is a corrector, or wheel, attached to the shaft, with hook-shaped teeth, which meet into corresponding cavities in the type wheel. The latter being loose upon the shaft, or only held by friction, is removed backwards or forwards by the corrector to exactly the same position as the type wheel on the instrument from which the message is being sent. This correction takes place in the act of printing every letter. Mr. Hythe stated that European news, consisting of about 3000 words, by the arrival of each transatlantic steamer, is transmitted by this instrument from Boston to New York, a circuit of about 300 miles, at the rate of 2000 to 2500 unabbreviated words an hour. There are twenty-five stations on the circuit which receive copies of the news, all of which are printed in plain Roman type by the Boston operator; all the instruments receiving the message at the same time, the receiving clerks at each station having simply to hand the copy as it arrives to the party entitled to receive it. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. W. Smith, Rev. W. Mitchell, W. E. Newton, A. C. Hobbs, Tuckett, and J. G. Appold; the Chairman, and others, took part.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A crowded meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening at Burlington House, Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the Chair. A very rare French atlas of Egypt, published by the Dépôt de la Guerre, in 1807, presented by Mr. Stephenson; and a diagram of Captain Selwyn's apparatus for paying out electric telegraph cables, were exhibited to the meeting. The President regretted to announce that the hopes entertained for the safety of Mr. Adolphe Schlagintweit had proved fallacious, as it appears from papers which had been communicated by Lord Stanley, F.R.G.S., the Secretary for India, that he was barbarously murdered at Kashgar by a fanatic Synd, named Wollee Khan. The papers read were—1. "On a new projection of the Sphere," by Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart, D.C.L., &c. Communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "Brief Remarks on the Isthmus of Suez; with special reference to the proposed canal," &c. By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N., F.R.G.S. The author considered the cutting of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez impracticable, but concluded with a proposal for shortening the route to India, by continuing the

railway along the banks of the Nile, from Cairo to Assuan, and thence across the country to Berenice, thus effecting, according to his estimation, a saving of two days as regards time, and avoiding many delays, inconveniences, and difficulties. The paper gave rise to a warm discussion, in which General Monteith, Messrs. George Rennie, Sidney, Lange, and Robert Stephenson, took part, and the meeting was adjourned to the 9th of May.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

OF the half-dozen pictures by the old masters which have just been placed in the National Gallery, five belong to the fifteenth century, and all are works interesting rather to the art-student than to the general public, and valuable rather as connecting links in the history of the several schools of painting than as examples of the art in its highest stages of development. Three of the pictures are by Venetian masters, the other three belong respectively to the schools of Bologna, Florence, and Romagna.

The 'St. Dominic, as the Institutor of the Rosary,' by Marco Zoppo, is the first example of this master obtained by the National Gallery. Zoppo is perhaps better known as the founder of the school of Bologna, the master of Francia, and the fellow pupil (under Squarcione) of Andrea Mantegna, who, Vasari says, owed no little to the stimulus of his companionship and rivalry. The picture is a peculiar one. St. Dominic, a full-length figure, somewhat less than the size of life, is represented standing on a low sort of table, his right hand raised towards a rosary, which is suspended behind him from a broken pedestal, his left hand holding an illuminated book. Over his head is Christ enthroned, within an aureole, and surrounded by angels bearing in their hands the instruments of the Passion. The figure of the saint, which, as stated by Mr. Wornum, is "supposed to be a portrait of Alanus de Rupe, an English Dominican monk, who, in 1460, in consequence of a vision, revived the use of the rosary, and the prayers connected with it," is dressed in the habit of a Dominican, and the drapery is remarkably well cast, and painted with great breadth and freedom. The features are hard and strong, but characteristic. The colour is singularly bright and clear, and the picture, which is painted in tempera on wood, is in marvellous preservation: though nearly four hundred years old, it is apparently far less injured by time than many an English picture of forty years' standing.

'St. Francis in Glory,' by Filippino Lippi, is another tempera painting on wood, nearly contemporary in date, but much smaller in size than that just noticed. A less important work than the Lippi already in the gallery, it is yet a work of value. The saint is represented standing and contemplating a crucifix which he holds in his arms. Above him are angels playing various musical instruments. The ground of the picture is of gold, diapered: it bears the date 1492. Both these works were purchased for the National Gallery from the collection of the Marchese Giovanni Costabili, at Ferrara.

'The Deposition in the Tomb,' by Marco Palmezzano, is a more noted picture than either of the preceding, it being the lunette of the altarpiece of 'The Last Supper,' placed in the Cathedral of Forlì in 1506, which Vasari (who calls it a beautiful work) ascribed to Rontenello of Ravenna. It was bought for the National Gallery of Signor Gismondi of Rome. We borrow the official description of this picture:—"The dead Christ is being placed in the tomb by the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, and St. John the Evangelist; the Virgin, on the right, is supporting the body in a sitting posture, while the Magdalen, on the same side, is kneeling, holding the left arm of Christ, and compassionately regarding the wounded hand. On the other side is St. John, clasping his hands in sorrow. To the spectator's right is standing San Mercuriale, first bishop of Forlì, holding the Guelphic banner of the Church,

a red cross on a white flag; on the extreme left is San Valeriano with the standard of Forlì, a white flag striped with blue. In the front is a green cloth hanging on the side of the tomb in front." The figures are half-length, life-size. There is life and expression in them, but they are coarse and hard, and display little devotional feeling. Indeed there is, to our thinking, little in the picture to justify the praises bestowed on it by Italian writers: it must be mentioned, however, that it was painted to be placed at a considerable distance from the spectator and high above his head—some coarseness of manner was, therefore, almost a necessity.

We come now to the three Venetian pictures; and in the earliest of these, 'The Madonna' of Marco Basaita, we see as unmistakably as in the latest the richness and glow of Venetian colour, and the enjoyment of Italian landscape. The infant Christ is lying asleep on the lap of the Virgin, who is bending over him in silent worship. The scene is an open country, in which is a convent on one side, on the other are cattle browsing. At the foot of some leafless trees a white stork is battling with a serpent, whilst an eagle, seated on the tree, is watching the contest. The face of the Virgin is very beautiful, and the expression is calm and devotional. The child, as is usually the case, is less satisfactory. The landscape is painted with much quiet power, and the dead trees are admirably drawn. In finish the picture is thoroughly pre-Raphaelite, the flowers and pebbles being minutely detailed, and the flesh stippled all over. At first sight it appears to be in excellent condition, but we have little doubt, after a careful examination of it, that the child at least has been almost entirely repainted, and that the work has, throughout, suffered "restoration." But there are, we believe, very few pictures by Basaita, even in Venice, which have not been injured by the restorer. This picture was purchased by the trustees of Signor Achille Farina of Florence.

The 'Madonna and Child' by Giambattista Cima da Conegliano, purchased of M. Roussele of Paris, is a work of maturer power, and interesting as the only specimen possessed by the nation of a painter whose works are far from common. The picture has all the characteristics of the master, but is not a pleasing production. The best part of it is the face of the Virgin, which is very sweetly painted. The child stands quite naked on his mother's knees, and has a good deal of life and motion, but very little divinity. His head, too, is disproportionately large, and the colour of the lower part of his body and limbs very unlike the flesh-tints of childhood. It is, in short, a picture of the kind which a man must have spent a long apprenticeship in picture galleries really to enjoy—perhaps fairly to appreciate.

The bust 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Battista Zelotti, the associate and the rival of Paolo Veronese, if it makes no such lofty claims as the other new pictures, asks for no allowances on the score of archaic and ecclesiastical traditions and conventions, but is exactly what it professes to be, a portrait, and a very beautiful one. The lady is an ordinary gay-hearted, pleasant-looking patrician, not of a very high order of beauty, but a fair representation of the Venetian lady of that day, with a glowing flush of colour in her complexion, and with those golden tresses which are so often seen in the pictures of Titian and his contemporaries, but which are looked for in vain in Venice now. Looked for in vain because, as is now well known, they were only produced with infinite pains and cost by the signoras under the guidance of the chemists (or alchemists) who found this a very profitable kind of transmutation. But the art is as much a lost art now as that of preparing Venetian glass—though the researches of certain French savans seem to indicate that it is possible to exhume it (or at least the recipes) from Venetian public and family archives, if only the Empress Eugénie (the great arbitress of European fashion, and the grand restorer of obsolete artifices for improving the female form and features) will bestow her patronage on the undertaking. But to return—we must look to our fair readers for pardon

for the digression—the portrait under notice is really a very admirable example, in its masculine breadth and refinement, of what a portrait ought to be. The lady is in a low dress, of the favourite bronze-green of the Venetian painters, white linen being interposed, as Titian is so fond of interposing it, between the dress and the skin, which acquires great force and transparency in consequence, when, as in this case, it is done by a true colourist. The execution is in all respects masterly. The picture was purchased of Signor Menchetti of Rome.

Besides these, there has been placed in the gallery a picture by a living painter, J. L. Dyckmans, of Antwerp, which was bequeathed to the nation by the late Miss Jane Clark, of Regent Street. It represents a blind beggar with his daughter standing by a church door. The picture is finished with very unusual delicacy, but is quite free from the stippled work which is so painfully obtrusive in the pictures of our own minute finishers, while there is a breadth of light and shadow, and an air of elegance, which they carefully avoid. To a certain extent, the painter has here, perhaps, over-refined, and there is a little too-evident trickiness of effect. But the drawing of the old man's head, and the sweet face of the girl, are more than enough to redeem any such maladroitness. In short, it is a charming little picture, but it looks somewhat out of place here, in a room dedicated to the great men of centuries past. It was bought, we believe, by Miss Clark, at the sale of the notorious Redpath, for the sum of 900 guineas.

The Oxford Museum. By Henry W. Acland, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine, and John Ruskin, M.A., Honorary Student of Christ Church. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THE experiment of the adaptability of Gothic architecture to modern and secular requirements, which, in the case of the Foreign Office, is about to be tested in the metropolis, has already been tried in "Our Athens—mother of arts and eloquence," whether with entire success or not is not exactly determined. In the new Museum, it is, however, pretty generally admitted that Oxford has added to its unrivalled architectural array one of the most remarkable of modern buildings. The Oxford Architectural Society has pronounced it "the noblest and greatest, the purest and truest secular building of modern times," and zealous architectural medievalists take up the note of triumph, though not without some inward misgivings. In the eyes of classicists it is simply an abomination. Both may be put out of court in arriving at a decision. But an impartial decision is not easy to arrive at. The building is of an experimental character. It may be regarded as the challenge of a triumphant sect, surprised at finding itself victorious—wilful, dogmatic, eccentric. Estimated therefore by ordinary rules, it will hardly satisfy ordinary minds; but it bears on its face the evidence of zeal, knowledge, thought, and power, and will assuredly obtain the consideration it demands.

In the little volume before us, Dr. Acland and Mr. Ruskin—two of the most zealous friends of the work—have undertaken to give for the benefit of the curious an account of the building. Not, as may be supposed, a guide or a description, but just so much information, and of such a kind, as shall enable the visitor to understand the intention of the architect, and to appreciate the manner in which his intentions have been carried out. We have accordingly an eloquent enunciation of principles, and a still more eloquent and earnest description of details, with, of course, on the part of Mr. Ruskin, various vigorous discourses on modern art in general, and decorative art in particular.

The erection of the Oxford Museum was decided on when (or soon after) the University was induced to engraft the teaching of the Natural Sciences as a substantive part of her course of instruction. Its purpose is to give "for mutual aid, and easy interchange of reference and comparison, a common habitation under one roof to Astronomy, Geometry, Experimental Physics, with their Mathematics; Chemistry, Mineralogy,

Geology, Zoology, Anatomy, Physiology, and Medicine."

In judging a new building it cannot be too often repeated that there is a matter to be considered antecedent to all questions of style and beauty—that namely of its adaptation to the purpose for which it was erected. If the building do not satisfy its requirements, it is impossible that it can be a good building. It may be a very pretty object for an artist's sketch-book, but as a building it is a failure, and the architect a bungler—even though he write Sir before, and R.A. after his name. In this first requisite it would seem that the Oxford Museum has at least not failed, if it has not been a perfect success; though not to have failed is—estimating it by almost every other building of importance recently erected in this country—in itself a success. But adaptation to its purpose does not alone render a building an architectural work. With fitness, there must be united beauty—pleasing form and suitable decoration. And here there can be little doubt that the Oxford Museum has achieved a certain and not inconsiderable amount of success. Some parts at any rate, as the south-west angle, all agree in admiring as exceedingly picturesque and effective. Mr. Ruskin thinks that the west-front only requires its doorway to be finished, and the sculpture with which it is to be adorned to be completed, for its grandeur to be generally felt. "As the building stands at present," he says, "there is a discouraging aspect of parsimony about it. One sees that the architect has done the utmost he could with the means at his disposal, and that just at the point of reaching what was right, he has been stopped for want of funds. This is visible in almost every stone of the edifice. It separates it with broad distinctiveness from all the other buildings in the University. It may be seen at once that our other public institutions, and all our colleges—though some of them simply designed—are yet richly built, never pinchingly."

This union of convenience with beauty, and the rendering of both under a mediæval form, is thus spoken of by Dr. Acland in reference to one very practical portion of the building. "The laboratory for the chemical students is the large detached building seen at the south-west angle of the Museum. The Abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury will be recognised by you as the prototype. There can be no more successful adaptation of an ancient example to modern wants, inasmuch as no more convenient nor more airy laboratory could be contrived, and certainly no bolder or more picturesque design."

As far as a careful examination of the ground plans of the building enable us to speak, we must say that the arrangements seem to have been very carefully considered: while the grand central Museum Court, with its lofty glass roof, and its artistically designed iron ribs and spandrels, cannot fail to have a very grand effect. The authors give no views of the building, but a vignette by Le Keux of one of the capitals—British ferns, designed and sculptured by one of the O'Shea family, who have the chief hand in executing the ornamental carvings—shows very well the exquisite workmanship that is being expended on the building. These columns and capitals, by the way, are worthy of note as a special feature of the building, and an illustration of the way in which a practical turn is being given to the various details. Dr. Acland says:

"There are, on the ground floor, thirty-three piers and thirty shafts, on the upper floor, thirty-three piers and ninety-five shafts. Thus one hundred and twenty-five shafts surround the court; and if we include the capitals and bases of the piers, there are one hundred and ninety-one capitals and bases. The shafts have been carefully selected, under the direction of the Professor of Geology, from quarries which furnish examples of many of the most important specks of the British Islands. On the lower arcade are placed, on the west side, the granitic series; on the east, the metamorphic; on the north, calcareous rocks, chiefly from Ireland; on the south, the marbles of England. In the upper floor, as far as may be, an analogous distribution is adopted. The capitals and bases will represent various groups of plants and animals, illustrating different climates and various epochs. They are mainly arranged according to their natural orders, and are the more required to represent the vegetable creation, as the botanical collections will remain, very properly, at the Botanical Gardens."

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Of these shafts and capitals, Professor Phillips the eminent geologist has given an interesting detailed account in the appendix.

But there is, or is to be, a higher order of sculptured ornament than that of these botanical capitals:

"On massive corbels, projecting from the fronts of the piers, it is hoped that there may be placed the statues of the great men who first discovered, or first brought to important results, the several branches of knowledge which the edifice is intended to promote. In the mathematical department, Archimides, Leibnitz, Newton; in astronomy, Hipparchus, Galileo; in geology, Cuvier; in chemistry, Lavoisier, Cavendish, Davy; in biology, Aristotle, Linnaeus, John Hunter; in medicine, Hippocrates, Sydenham, Harvey; and on special but very different grounds, as benefactors to the human race, Bacon, Volta, Oersted, Watt, and Stephenson, will be among the first whose statues it is proposed to place here for the contemplation and example of all who may hereafter enter, with various purpose, this place of study and of work."

Mr. Ruskin puts in an eloquent plea for thus employing portrait sculpture, and one with which we gladly enrich our pages:

"I would plead for the enrichment of this doorway by portrait sculpture, not so much even on any of these important grounds, as because it would be the first example in modern English architecture of the real value and right place of commemorative statues. We seem never to know at present where to put such statues. In the midst of the blighted trees of desolate squares, or at the crossings of confused streets, or balanced on the pinnacles of pillars, or wading across the tops of triumphal arches, or blocking up the aisles of cathedrals, in none of these positions, I think, does the portrait statue answer its purpose. It may be a question whether the erection of such statues is honourable to the creators, but assuredly it is not honourable to the persons whom it pretends to commemorate, nor is it anywise matter of exultation to a man who has deserved well of his country, to reflect that his effigy may one day encumber a crossing, or disfigure a park gate. But there is no man of worth or heart who would not feel it a high and priceless reward that his statue should be placed where it might remind the youth of England of what had been exemplary in his life, useful in his labours, and might be regarded with no empty reverence, no fruitless piousness, but with the enlivening, eager, unstinted piousness of honour, which youth pays to the dead leaders of the cause it loves, or discovers of the light by which it lives. To be buried under weight of marble, or with splendour of ceremonial, is still no more than burial, but to be remembered daily with profitable tenderness, by the activist intelligences of the nation we have served, and to have power granted even to the shadows of the poor features sunk into dust, still to warn, to animate, to command, as the father's brow rules and exalts the will of his children. This is not burial but immortality."

Of these statues as our readers may remember, the Queen has contributed five, those namely of Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, and Oersted. The bachelors and undergraduates, have added Aristotle and Cuvier, symbolising thereby we suppose the union of the old and the modern science of which the building itself is at once the type and the realisation: Mr. Ruskin senior, Hippocrates, the Rev. F. W. Hope, Linnaeus, and Mr. Boulton, with excellent taste, one whose name will always be associated with that he bears—Watt. Towards carving the windows of the front Mr. Ruskin has subscribed 300*l.*, and the list in the appendices to this little volume shows a goodly list of alumni who are eager to assist in making the new Museum worthy of the old University. The architects, Deane and Woodward, may well be proud of the interest their work has aroused.

We can only hope that the work may be worthily carried to completion. We have grave doubts as to the good taste of much of what has been done, but we trust that it will not, through insufficient funds, be finished in any less perfect manner than its promoters desire. This little hand-book will no doubt do much to extend the interest felt in the work, and we commend it to all who may desire further information respecting the Oxford Museum.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending April 9th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3794; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3561. On the three Students' days (admission to the public 6*d.*), 736, one Students' evening, Wednesday, 95. Total, 8186. From the opening of the Museum, 848,897.

The Guarantee Fund of the Norwich Musical Festival of 1860 amounts at present to 3000*l.*

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, a somewhat feeble setting of a good libretto, has been given twice this week—on Tuesday with Sig. de Bassini, and on Thursday with Sig. Ronconi, as the *Duc de Chevreuse*. A fairer opportunity of marking the difference between talent and genius could hardly have been presented. The performance of Sig. de Bassini was uniformly clever and correct—that of Sig. Ronconi irregular, but frequently soaring to heights altogether beyond the reach of his rival. The last act of Sig. Ronconi is one of the most elaborate, impressive, and masterly exhibitions of histrionic art the stage has witnessed. He was not in good voice on Thursday night; but such genius as he possesses carries everything before it, and had he been as hoarse as a raven he would have triumphed none the less over the feelings of his audience.

Mdme. Lotti progresses. Her *Maria di Rohan* is decidedly better than her *Leonora (Trovatore)*—perhaps because the music of Donizetti is more vocal than that of his boisterous successor; at any rate her singing, both on Tuesday and on Thursday, displayed greater taste and greater art than before. About the lovely quality of her voice there cannot be a doubt, any more than about certain deficiencies that at present debar her from being as *natural* in her acting as she is occasionally earnest. Mdme. Nantier Didie is the best representative we remember of *Armando di Gondi*, with the single exception of Mdme. Albani; but surely, with Sig. Gardoni in the theatre—although the two principal tenors are absent—subscribers might have been spared the painstaking mediocrity of a gentleman who impersonated (or endeavoured to impersonate) the unfortunate in two senses—"unfortunate" *Chalais*. The orchestra is in great force this season. Labour and spun out as is Donizetti's would-be German overture to this his first opera written for a German-Italian theatre, it is a treat to hear it thus performed.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Out of the simplest elements possible, Mr. Tom Taylor has built up a most charming one-act piece, which for its refinement of tone, earnestness of intention, and neatness of treatment, entirely deserves its designation of a comedietta, a term much abused of late. Its title, *Nine Points of the Law*, and the spirit in which it is executed, places it in the class of those little dramatic moralities which the French call *proverbes*. A widow, who, though the mother of a daughter on the point of marriage, retains a considerable share of her early attractions, heightened by sprightliness and amiability, finds herself on the point of being ousted from a pretty little property to which she is fairly entitled, but which, by the strictness of the law, she forfeits in favour of a Lancashire cotton-spinner. *Mrs. Smyley*, as the widow is called, determines to avail herself of the "nine points of the law" in her favour, and to fight the enemy from their vantage ground with woman's weapons. An opportunity soon opens of grappling him at close quarters, for *Mr. Ironsides*, the cotton-spinner, seeks an interview with the lady the more speedily to bring her to terms. He meets with the reversal of the Roman General's fortune, however, and can only exclaim *veni, vidi, victus sum*. He has primed himself to meet an obstinate, contentious, and spirited woman, and is prepared to contest his rights to the last with her, even at the cost of a rough word or so. Instead of an adversary, however, he meets with a weak, weeping, and abjectly complying woman, conceding everything and appealing only to his kindness for a brief delay. *Ironsides* is disarmed, helpless, more—he is half over head and ears in love before the interview is over, and fearing to trust himself, he refers the widow to his lawyer to conclude the negotiation. With the lieutenant, *Mrs. Smyley* changes her tactics, and overwhelms the legal adviser with sharp business-like manner, and her knowledge of the weak points of her adversary's case. Lured on by her, he ends by abandoning his client, and offering his services to the widow,

with the hope, which she carefully encourages, of one day winning her hand. The field being now entirely her own, the widow—who has by this time formed a high opinion of her legal foe, when warned by him against the worldliness of *Mr. Rollingstone*, her cousin, a Californian adventurer, who is paying his addresses to her—reciprocates warning for warning, and informs him of the treachery of the lawyer he is employing, and at the same time disclaims all intention of availing herself of the weak points of the case. The end is easily foreseen; a struggle of generosity ensues, in which the Lancashire cotton spinner resigns the property by a deed of gift to the widow, who, on her side, destroys the document to try the sincerity of *Mr. Rollingstone*, who has got wind of it; and finally *Mr. Ironsides* is emboldened to propose to *Mrs. Smyley*, and is forthwith accepted, to the confusion of the lawyer.

In the careful delineation of character, the dexterous treatment of each scene, and the masterly conduct of the action through distinctly marked phases to its conclusion, the author shows himself to have made a decided progress in the art of the dramatist; and though the scale is a small one, the principles which he has felt and followed here will stand him in as good stead in a more ambitious field; Mr. Tom Taylor is the only dramatic writer whom we can look to for a comedy of manners which shall really reflect the age, he is now ripe for the task, and we trust he will brace himself to its accomplishment. The intentions of the writer were admirably seconded by *Mrs. Stirling* and *Mr. Addison*. The former is unrivalled as the representative of ladies whose charms of person and intellect have equally reached a luscious maturity, and she surpassed herself in the character of *Mrs. Smyley*, in the winning grace of manner and the sparkling finesse with which she invests it. A worthy pendant in all respects is the *Ironsides* of *Mr. Addison*, who realises with admirable art the idea of a somewhat rough, uncouth, and plain-spoken north-countryman, sharp set for his rights, gradually softening under the influence of the widow's charms and her apparent weakness and helplessness into a devoted friend and a glowing admirer. The very marked peculiarities of such a personage, and the strongly-contrasted phases of expression which the action brings out in him, might easily have been exaggerated, but *Mr. Addison* presents us with a soberly coloured, but intensely impressive piece of nature. The queer little lawyer was rendered very amusingly by *Mr. Wigan*, and *Mr. Vining* does his best to render *Rollingstone* entertaining, but the lying, swaggering gold-digger, with his Mexican dress and American manners, will not yield much humour, and is drawn in too farcical a tone to harmonise with the remaining characters. Altogether, however, a pleasanter or a better-acted little piece than this has not appeared for many a year.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Dr. Wyld's second concert was on the whole a good one. Whence proceed this adventurous musician's supporters we cannot guess; but certainly St. James's Hall was never fuller than on Monday night. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A major, well played, and which would have been still more effective had the first and last movements been taken a shade slower. The overtures were Cherubini's *Medea*, and Beethoven's *Prometheus*. The first is grand, but here and there monotonous. M. Wieniawski introduced part of one of Viotti's concertos—in which somewhat antiquated music he was not so well at ease as he is wont to be in compositions of more recent date. M. Hallé gave Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor with his accustomed cleverness, though he was badly accompanied by the orchestra, and might, we think, have found a more suitable "cadenza" for the first movement than the uncommonly prolix effusion of M. Moscheles. The *Times* suggests that M. Hallé should invent "cadenzas" for himself; but with a heavy remembrance of one introduced by Herr Pauer (at the Crystal Palace) in a concerto of Mozart, we would rather say,—"Don't." The selection from Gluck's *Orfeo*—the scene

between Orpheus and the Eumenides—Miss Dolby singing the solos; and two airs, one from Spohr's *Jessonda*, the other from Mozart's *Figaro*, by Sig. Belletti (the first and least admirably given of which received an encore), are also deserving mention. The concert afforded real satisfaction.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—Mr. Sims Reeves showed good signs of recovery on Wednesday night at Exeter Hall, singing the tenor recitatives and airs in *The Messiah* to perfection. Sig. Belletti, too, was highly effective in the bass music, and Miss Dolby (though a little prosy here and there) not less so in the *contralto*. M^{me}. Hayes is evidently out of her element (whatever that may be) in Handel's music. We never heard the *soprano* part less efficiently sustained. The choruses were not so even as usual; and, indeed, Mr. Costa might do worse than call a rehearsal for *The Messiah*. This comes of chariness in dispensing with the services of individuals altogether incompetent.

MADAME BOSIO.—The telegraphic wire brought a sad, nay, deplorable piece of news on Thursday, viz., the death of this popular and accomplished singer. M^{me}. Bosio died at St. Petersburg, on the 11th inst., after an illness of brief duration. Her loss at the present time is irremediable, there being absolutely no one to replace her in her peculiar walk. She had risen gradually, step by step, to the first rank, winning the highest honours of her art, and the undivided favour of the European public; and now, in her very prime, at the age of thirty-three (if we are not mistaken), she is cut off. M^{me}. Bosio will be deeply and universally lamented, for in private as in public life she was equally esteemed and admired. Of legitimate singers in the genuine Italian school, mistresses alike of "*canabile*" and "*agilità*," there now remains but one—M^{me}. Alboni. What is to become of Italian opera? The prospect is by no means cheering.

At the last Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace, Mendelssohn's music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles was performed—the text (that curious "hash" of Mr. Bartholomew) being recited by Miss Edith Heraud and Mr. Nicholls. The gentleman would make an effective field-preacher, but his declamation is a bore. The execution of the choruses, instrumental overture, interludes, and accompaniments, though better than on the previous occasion, when *Edipus* was attempted, left much to desire. The inspiring "Invocation to Bacchus" produced a marked effect. The audience, a large one, appeared to like *Antigone* at least as much as *Edipus*; and this may now perhaps encourage Herr Manns further to venture upon *Athalie*. At the concert to-day, M. Wieniawski is to play Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

On Monday afternoon chamber-concerts were held by Herr Lehmayr, in the Beethoven Rooms, and Herr Otto Goldschmidt at Willis's. The last-named gave a well-judged selection of pieces, among which may especially be mentioned the 17 *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn (piano-forte *solus*), and Beethoven's sonata in G minor, with violoncello (Sig. Piatti). The concert began with a piano quartet by Mozart (E flat), and ended with Hummel's popular *Septet* (the longest but not the best of his works), the principal part in which was sustained with vigour and brilliancy by Herr Goldschmidt. M. Sainton was the violinist. While on the subject of concerts, we may name the first of the London Glee and Madrigal Union as having taken place; and that Mr. Headland, the active and polite secretary of St. Martin's Hall, accomplished his first concert on Thursday evening, assisted by M. Wieniawski, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and other artists of merit. Lastly, Mr. W. H. Holmes, pianist, gave the first of three performances on the morning of the same day, in the Hanover Square Rooms, when two of his pupils essayed their strength—Mr. Hammond on Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, and Master Allison on Mozart's in C major. There were also a symphony, and a romance for the orchestra, by Mr.

Holmes himself, who excels not less as composer than pianist.

The Monday Popular Concerts (new series), of which eight were held, instead of the six originally announced to take place in St. James's Hall, have proved so eminently successful that they are to be recommenced on Monday, with a programme of Mendelssohn's music, comprising, among other things, his magnificent *Otello*, and the equally fine quartet in E minor (Op. 44). M. Wieniawski is to lead. These entertainments do more for the advancement of sound musical taste in this metropolis than anything that has previously been attempted. The directors are perfectly justified in looking back with a certain degree of satisfaction at the catalogue of great works they have already been the means of introducing to the masses—a catalogue comprising a quintet and quartet by Mendelssohn, a quintet and quartet by Mozart, a quintet and three quartets by Beethoven, a trio and quartet by Haydn, a trio by Weber, sonatas for piano *solus* and piano with violin by various masters, preludes, fugues, concertos, and *suites* by Bach and Handel—to say nothing of the vocal music, all equally good in its way, while admitting that better singers might occasionally have been desirable. The next Bach concert is wisely deferred until the arrival of Herr Joseph Joachim.

From the country we learn that music is making progress in all directions. Handel's Dettingen "Te Deum" (announced for the second day of the Handel Centenary Commemoration) has been recently attempted with success at Norwich. A Handel Festival has just terminated in Edinburgh, several of the great composer's best works having been, we are informed, admirably executed under the direction of M. Sainton. A similar honour is to be paid to Handel's memory in Easter week, at Leeds, where the new grand organ built for Victoria Hall, by Messrs. Gray and Davison, was inaugurated only the other day by a concert on a large scale, under the direction of Messrs. Henry Smart and W. Spark, who made the designs for the instrument. Crossing St. George's Channel, we hear of the great success of Mr. Willert Beale's Italian Opera company in Dublin, with Grisi, Mario, Viardot Garcia, and the much disputed Graziani in the *troupe*. Among other things, Verdi's *Macbeth* was produced—*Macbeth*, Sig. Graziani (!), *Lady Macbeth*, M^{me}. Viardot. We shall believe in the capability of Signor Verdi to give fitting musical expression of Shakspeare's immortal play when we have tested it—not before. Dublin, however, in this particular instance, is in advance of London. The proposed Belfast Festival will not take place, as was anticipated, in the autumn.

At the fourth and last concert of the Musical Society of London, we hear that the symphony is to be the No. 7 of Beethoven (in A); that the overtures decided on are Mr. Horsley's *Joseph*, and Auber's *Masaniello*, and that Spohr's violin concerto in G is put down for Herr Joachim. It remains to be seen whether the last will be accepted by the player. Mr. Sims Reeves is to sing. With deference, we are not of opinion that this is the kind of programme calculated to add to the growing reputation of the new society. Nothing will palliate it but such a perfect execution of Beethoven's symphony as neither Mr. Alfred Mellon nor any other conductor can possibly obtain with a single rehearsal. By the way, Dr. Leigh's pupil, Herr Klindworth, has addressed a letter to *The Musical World* in which (with cogent illustrations to his argument) he attributed the failure of Schubert's symphony, at the last concert of the Musical Society of London, not to the slender merits of the composition, but to the demerits of the performance, a performance which *The Musical World*, in its report of the concert, described as "a miracle." *Il y a donc miracle e miracle.*

M^{me}. Clara Schumann has announced her intention of paying London a third visit early this season.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed will give their entertainment, "Popular Illustrations" at the Olympic during next week.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adam Bede. By George Elliot. 2nd ed. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Armageddon; or, a Warning Voice from the Last Battle Field of Nations. 3 vols. 8vo. 60s.
Bickersteth (E.), Prayers for Families of Six Weeks, new ed. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, 14th ed. 12mo. 8s. 6d.
Bogatsky's Golden Treasury. By Steinkopf, 32mo. 1s.
Bohn's Cheap Series: Howells's Johnson, Vol. 4, 12mo. 2s.
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Curling (Capt.), The Miser Lord: a Sequel to "Frank Bessford," post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Denison (E. B.), On the Grounds of Dissatisfaction with Modern Gothic Architecture, 8vo. 1s.
Derby (Earl), Speech in the House of Lords, April 4, 1859, 1s.
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Eldred the Pilgrim, 12mo. 3s.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 2, Re-issue, 4to. 21s.
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Our Eastern Empire, Stories from British India, 2nd ed. 10mo. 3s. 6d.
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Scott's Waverley Novels: Illustrated Edition: Waverley, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
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MISCELLANEA.

A SERIES of returns have been made to the House of Commons of all communications made by the officers and architect of the British Museum to the trustees, respecting the want of space for exhibiting the collections in that institution, and of all minutes of the trustees, and of all communications between the trustees and the Treasury upon the same subject. With reference to the proposed removal of the herbarium to Kew, the sub-committee in natural history report that while all the botanists they have examined are of opinion that it would be advantageous to form a botanical establishment at Kew, comprising an extensive herbarium and a good library, as an addition to the garden of living plants, there are differences of opinion respecting the desirableness of also keeping up in the metropolis such an herbarium in connection with the extensive library of the British Museum. Sir Wm. Hooker, Dr. J. Hooker, and Dr. Lindley, are in favour of the removing of the collections from the British Museum to Kew, with the view of rendering that establishment more complete, but others believe that such a removal would be of great disservice to science by depriving the consulting botanist of ready access to a central metropolitan herbarium and library. They, therefore, are unanimously of opinion that it is not desirable to remove the botanical collection from the British Museum to Kew. Several suggestions are made by gentlemen connected with the Museum with a view to increasing the utility of the institution; among others, that the zoological collections at present existing in the British Museum be separated into two brilliant collections—the one to form a typical or popular museum, the other to constitute the basis of a complete scientific museum, so that the one would always be open to the public, the other to the man of science, or any person seeking for special information: also that an appropriate zoological library be attached to its scientific museum, totally independent of the zoological portion of the library of the British Museum.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—An ordinance has been issued by the Scottish University Commissioners, appointing that the provisions of the Act of last year, "for the better government and discipline of the Universities of Scotland," shall come into operation in this University on the 15th of October next. The election to the new office of Rector, which lies with the matriculated students, is fixed to take place on the second Saturday after the commencement of the winter session, and it is also provided that the general council shall meet every year on the first Tuesday after the 14th of April and on the last Friday of October, and shall at its first meeting, on the 28th of October next, elect a Chancellor of the University.

The late Librarian of the London Mechanics' Institution calls attention to the silence maintained, at the late meeting to relieve the trustees from their responsibilities, in respect to the family of the late Dr. Birkbeck. He alleges that 2000*l.* are due to them, and contends that it ought to be paid.

Mr. Albert Smith had the honour of giving selections from his new entertainment, "China," before her Majesty and a distinguished circle, at Buckingham Palace on Thursday. Never has "pigeon" flown better, or been stronger on the wing, than Mr. Smith's last ornithological specimen.

Mr. Lowe, of Highfield House Observatory, calls attention to the late extraordinary range of temperature. On the 1st of April the temperature fell to 21° 3' deg. in the air, and to 20 deg. on the grass, while on the 7th of April, it rose to 78° 0' deg. in the shade, being a range of 56° 2' deg. The hottest temperature before recorded here for April, is April 6, 1859—viz., 75° 8' deg. In 1848 and 1852, it rose to 75° 5' deg., and in 1854 to 74° 8' deg. During the last sixty-five years the observations taken at the Royal Society, and reduced by Mr. James Glaisher, show that in 1807 the temperature in April rose to 77° 0' deg., in 1841 to 76° 5' deg., in 1848 to 75° 0' deg., and in 1844 to 74° 9' deg., the thermometer to day rising 1° 0' deg. above this amount. The coldest temperature before recorded here for April is 1855—viz., 22° 6' deg., and 1849, 24° 3' deg. The Royal Society's observations give 27° 0' deg. as the coldest for April, and this occurred in the three years 1799, 1808, and 1847. In the present year the temperature has fallen 5° 2' deg. below the amount. From the inland position of the Highfield House Observatory, the temperature rises higher and falls lower than in the neighbourhood of London; nevertheless the temperature has been 0° 8' deg. lower, and 2° 5' deg. higher than ever before recorded.

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